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From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN ALLEN AND DR. THOMPSON ON THE
NIGER EXPEDITION.*

FOR purposes of adventitious popularity, the *Narrative of the Expedition to the Niger in 1841-2* should have appeared some years ago, before the public at large had recovered from the shock which the disastrous failure of such a vaunted scheme with its terrible loss of life had produced. "Better late than never" will, however, properly apply to the work. The publications of Doctors M'William and Pritchett† were chiefly limited to the facts of the fever, which defeated the expedition, or to hypotheses connected with its origin and treatment; but, however important those accounts and discussions might be, they wanted the general interest of descriptions of African scenery, sketches of African peoples and their rulers, with the incidents attendant upon an expedition into a region so little known and so long a wonder to the world as the mysterious river. This voyage, too, was not like that of a geographical explorer or a mere colonial or mercantile adventurer: the four commissioners had a sort of "roving commission" for all and sundry. They were to lecture the naked and half naked chiefs and headmen on ethics, philanthropy, politics, and political economy, more especially free labor,‡ and finance.§ They were to negotiate treaties for the abolition of the internal slave-trade with the different chieftains they met; and if they could get up a sort of Holy Alliance on the banks of the Niger for this purpose, so much the better. They were to introduce the subject of human sacrifices and discourse thereupon; they were to buy land, with permission to build a fort or forts, paying what is called "earnest-money" down, but leaving the completion of the purchase to the option of her majesty: and "31. If the sovereignty over any country or place should be offered to Great Britain through you, you will engage to submit the proposal to your sovereign." That the delay occasioned by the diplomatic "palavers" consequent on these instructions contributed to the fatal catastrophe, cannot be affirmed. Although the Delta of the Niger is said to be the place where the seeds of the disease are sown, there is no proof of its being

much more deadly than the upper parts of the river; and indeed, fever among the natives seems more rife in the higher regions than the lower; while the diplomacy, by delaying the ascent, kept the vessels nearer the sea, and possibly saved them from being entangled in the interior among the difficulties of navigation which, after the close of the rainy season, would have arisen from the decreasing waters. However, there is no doubt but that the formal and elaborate negotiations, with the moral and political exposés, tedious as these latter seem to have been to the victims of them, bring the courtly life and great men of Niger's banks more distinctly before us than would have been the case in a common expedition. The authority of the diplomatists, rendered evident by the force at their disposal, (credentials seem to have been dispensed with,) also gave facilities for observation and exploration, which private individuals without the same physical power would not possess. Hence, though Lander and Laird had already passed along the line of the river, and indeed further than the government expedition with all its appliances, there is a good deal of freshness and novelty of view in the subject-matter, from the different circumstances under which her majesty's commissioners appeared.

In these volumes there is much more than the Niger. The authors give a sketch of the voyage out; and, though Madeira and similar islands might have been dispensed with, the notices of Sierra Leone, Liberia, and the condition and character of the Negro races along the coast, are informing. Not the least interesting part of the book is the narrative after the failure of the expedition. Thoroughly broken down in health by the distressful scenes around him, the anxieties of his position, and the severity of the fever which at last attacked him, Captain Trotter, the commander of the expedition, returned home from Fernando Po, leaving Captain Allen in his place to wait for orders from England. To keep the men employed and change their air, the interval was occupied in cruising round Fernando Po, the adjacent islands, and the Cameroon coast, as well as some other districts. In the course of these various trips, Captain Allen ascended the Cameroon river for some little distance, and made excursions through several of the islands; and he gives many striking sketches of their physical features, as well as of the customs, condition, and character of the colored people, both individual and national.

The narrative is animated, and agreeably written. The authors have observed the social condition of the Negro race, and the forms of government that obtain among them; they have more literature than commonly belongs to travellers in

* A Narrative of the Expedition sent by her Majesty's Government to the River Niger, in 1841, under the command of Captain H. D. Trotter, R. N. By Captain William Allen, R. N., &c.; and T. R. H. Thompson, M. D., Surgeon, R. N., one of the medical officers of the expedition, &c. Published with the sanction of the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. In two volumes.

† *Spectator* for 1843; page 568. Page 689.

‡ Lord John Russell's Instructions to the Commissioners, paragraph 14.

§ Ditto, paragraphs 12, 13, and indeed frequently throughout.

uncivilized countries, with enough of skill to present the characteristics of scenes and persons without obtruding the efforts of the *writer*. The pen depicts in a lifelike manner the richness of tropical vegetation, the broad expanse of the flowing Niger glittering in sunshine and animated by African traffic, the grotesque pretensions and burlesque pomp of black and barbaric royalty, combined with some common sense, a good deal of cunning, and no small amount (we fear) of roguery. The darker scenes of the gloomy-looking channels of the Delta, with their slimy mangroves and miasma-breeding swamps—the distressing scenes of sickness, death, and failing hope—with, last of all, the burials and the burial-ground at Fernando Po—are equally successful.

Although Captain Allen accompanied Laird's expedition by desire of the Admiralty, in order to survey the river, and consequently knew by experience the deadly nature of the climate, he yet seems to have been an enthusiast in the cause of the African Civilization Society. But his own narrative, notwithstanding his obvious leanings, shows that a wilder or more ill-founded scheme never was conceived, putting climate out of the question. Had a philanthropic power analogous to Great Britain existed in the days of the Hephatach, she might as well have supposed that Saxon England might have been metamorphosed into modern England by treaties against serfdom and in favor of commerce, with a "model farm" and factory. The distance which the slave *kafilas* travel was well known. If the three principal chiefs of the Niger had signed the treaties in good faith, they might have stopped the traffic on the main stream; but, intersected as is the whole of the western coast of Africa from the Senegal to the Congo and even still more southward by rivers or branches, the sole effect would have been to turn a river trade into a land trade, and divert the present business from the Niger to its branches or to other countries—that is, if much foreign slave-trade exists upon the Niger, which does not seem to be the case.

The potentates, however, were not in earnest: they signed under a species of duress at the sight of the fire-ships, and of temptation at the prospect of the presents. The whole thing was a piece of humbug, apparently seen through by the commissioners; if not, they soon had proof of it. Within a month from the agreement with the king of Iddah, something like a slave-trade was found going on: the slaves were seized and carried to Fernando Po. Further search was stopped by the progress of the fever, and the necessity of escape from the region. On the ascent of one of the steamers the following year to bring away the settlers at the "model farm," the trade seemed to be going on as usual; but nothing beyond remonstrance was then attempted. Time was too precious; the experience of 1841 had shown the dangers to which the vessels were exposed from an attack of the natives should the white crew be prostrated by sickness; and very proper orders

had been given by Captain Allen to go no further than "palaver."

The "model farm" was a more egregious failure. At the time of the occurrences, a paragraph from the coast of Africa went the round of the papers, representing that no sooner was white superintendence removed by fever and accident, than the colored philanthropists, who were to set an example to Africa in morals and freedom, fell into the "domestic institution," and possessed themselves of the driver's badge of authority, the whip. There was a tone about the narrative that suggested the idea of some exaggeration; but it seems to have been too well founded. Here is the softened official narrative.

On strict inquiry into the conduct of the settlers generally, it was ascertained that, except Thomas King, who had been left in command of the *Amelia* schooner, they had been guilty of continued insubordination, and gross indulgence in the worst vices of the natives. They were lazy and indolent, not one of them willing or disposed to manual labor, yet ready enough to exercise authority over the negroes they had hired, and whom they employed on the most trifling occasion rather than exert themselves. As a proof of their love of power and proneness to abuse it, it may be mentioned that a number of the surrounding natives had been hired to assist the people at the farm, in transporting the stores from the hill to the vessels; and two of the settlers were found to have furnished themselves with whips, apparently for the purpose of urging those under them to greater exertion. These instruments were immediately laid aside by Lieutenant Webb's injunction; and although he had not seen them actually applied in punishing the natives, yet he had every reason to believe that they were in the habit of carrying these instruments, which even if never used could not fail to inspire the natives with terror, and alienate their good feelings, to the great injury of the British character, inasmuch as they were reputedly under the English flag. Of the whole number (thirty-two) who had been left there in charge of the model farm and the *Amelia* tender, nine were willing to remain, but only on condition of receiving increased wages and having an European superintendent to protect them. All these circumstances combined, obliged Lieutenant Webb to act on the discretionary power vested in him, and to abandon the settlement.

But even had the plan had a direct success—that is, had the chiefs exerted themselves to put down the slave-trade, had the "model farm" really been an example, and the climate admitted of an English commerce up the river—African habits and character, if not human nature itself, seem to interpose an obstacle to civilization and industry *per saltum*. What African free labor is, we see in the West Indies; what it is at home may be seen in the neighborhood of the Cameroons. This is comparatively a healthy spot: Mr. Jamieson of Liverpool had an establishment there; and a considerable trade had grown up, to fall back again.

On the suppression of the slave-trade, the Cameroons towns rose rapidly into importance by the export of palm-oil; and for some years there was a flourishing trade, which might be increased to

any amount if the energies of the people were equal to the resources of the country and the favorable position of the place. It had, however, recently been on the decline, owing to the listlessness and rapacity of the people and chiefs, who are as insolent as they are exacting. This is probably the result of, to them, a useless prosperity, since they appear to be gorged with wealth, of which they neither feel the want nor comprehend the use. The naturally dilatory transactions of the native traders are prolonged with a fraudulent intention. Thus the practice appears to be, on the arrival of a ship, to trust the goods in advance to purchase a cargo, originally with the view of forestalling other ships; but as this becomes general, there is occasionally a regular scramble for the palm-oil as it is brought down the river in canoes. The delay is most injurious, and sometimes the captain falls a sacrifice to the climate or to disappointment; when his death is considered by the natives to absolve them from all obligations. The mate not being able to procure his cargo, takes away an empty ship. This gives rise to arbitrary and summary proceedings on the part of the whites, and continual disputes—"bad bobs." Some of these Captain Allen had to settle; but in one case his decision was reversed by a fight on shore, in which there was gain to both parties of numerous broken heads.

Again turn to Sierra Leone, where for a quarter of a century the philanthropists dictated, and where they are still powerful. What is the result of all their schemes, and of the lives and money that have been sacrificed to carry them out? Let Captain Allen, in principle though not in ignorance one of themselves, answer.

It must appear a matter of surprise that this thickly-peopled colony should not produce anything fit for exportation. The trade in African oak and camwood seems to be a wanton neglect of the rich capabilities with which this region is endowed by nature. This surely is a subject for deep consideration. The Africans collected here in such multitudes ought to furnish abundant and cheap labor; and yet there is no cultivation on a grand scale, such as to create a staple in the colony. Much diligence is excited in converting and educating, to a certain extent, the liberated Africans, but without any beneficial influence on the mass, nor on the neighboring tribes. This is not very satisfactory; and it proves that the original and main object contemplated on the formation of the colony, namely, to form a nucleus of civilization, and to rear a body of free laborers, whence they might be diffused to the surrounding nations, has not been advanced.

The liberated Africans, on their arrival, are apprenticed to a planter till their twentieth year; after that a piece of land is apportioned to them, which procures a maintenance, scanty it is true, but sufficient for their absolute wants; and thus they fall back into a state of animal existence, little if anything better than their original barbarism.

No Englishman can visit the settlement without a feeling of honest pride that his country should have been the first to attempt to atone for the deep miseries inflicted on Africa by the inhuman traffic in her children. But while he also reflects how much reparation he owes her for his more extensive complicity, he will not fail to confess that in this attempt the result falls infinitely short even of the instalment proposed to be given.

Sierra Leone has in fact reached that point in its

career at which, unless some more energetic measures be adopted to carry forward the original design, its usefulness must cease and its retrogression will be rapid. Already it wears the aspect of premature decrepitude. An abundant population neglects its resources; and in addition to the natural increment, it receives large numbers every year, in recaptured slaves; yet its wealth and means of advancement do not keep pace with even a natural increase in population.

In fact, these various projects for civilizing the Africans in Africa, have ended in nothing but death to those who were ordered to attempt them; and the last vaunted scheme, which implicated the prince consort in its hobbies, combined rival parties in a common movement, and really controlled the resources and opinion of the government, not only did nothing, but did a public mischief. Though no direct pledges were made, the very presence of the commissioners, and, above all, the treaties, spoke of forts, settlements, British residents, and an extensive trade. When not one iota of all these understood promises were fulfilled, or had even an appearance of fulfilment, what must the residents on the Niger think of the British government, but as animated by some ulterior objects mysteriously baffled, or as triflers without purpose and without faith.

But let us pass from the main to the miscellaneous matter of the book. The following description of the mouth of the Niger has an interest from the associations with the name.

Nothing can be more deceiving than the outlets of the mighty Niger. While broad and imposing branches are seen in various directions, the only navigable channel hitherto discovered is so narrow that our vessels could not turn in it. Yet the embouchure which we had entered would appear to justify the most extravagant anticipations that could be formed of the river. This is, however, a mere reservoir, of which nature has provided no less than twenty along a coast of more than one hundred and fifty miles in extent—the delta, in fact, formed by the deposit brought down by the floods. The small rise and fall of the sea in this part—hardly six feet—appears to require such reservoirs to collect the prodigious volume of water which is deposited on so large a surface of Africa, and of which the river is the drainage, in order to discharge it at several points into the universal receptacle. * * *

The water of the river is of a loamy color, and is sweet to the taste. Mr. Roscher tested it chemically with the nitrate of silver, and other reagents, in order to detect sulphureted hydrogen, and did not find it to be in the least discolored by them. After having been exposed two days to the atmosphere, it was quite clear, but then began to smell of sulphureted hydrogen, which he discovered by the above-mentioned agency. After having been kept a greater length of time, the odor ceased, the taste was good, and there was no indication of this gas. * * *

In the swampy parts of the right bank, the mangrove *rhyzophora* abounds, with its peculiar fructification. There are two species of this tree; one growing very low, and having a white wood; the other is a rather high tree, with a fine red wood, which burns well as fuel. The bark is very astrin-

gent. The numerous arching roots of this tree are favorable for the deposition of sand and mud.

In the woods on this bank, which were visited for the purpose of procuring specimens, the water was upwards of two feet deep in most parts, and the air close and confined. The greater portion of the underwood was *rhizophora* or mangrove. The stillness of this solitary region was occasionally broken by the halcyon *Senegalensis*, or grey-headed king-hunter; which, in its rich blue and cinereous grey plumage, flitted from tree to tree, almost the sole occupant of the place.

The discussions between the two principal potentates with whom treaties were entered into are reported pretty fully, in the form of question and answer. We give some extracts from that between the commissioners and King Obi, the chief on the lower part of the river.

Commissioners—"Does Obi sell slaves for his own dominions?"

Obi—"No; they come from countries far away."

Commissioners—"Does Obi make war to procure slaves?"

Obi—"When other chiefs quarrel with me and make war, I take all I can as slaves."

Commissioners—"What articles of trade are best suited to your people, or what would you like to be brought to your country?"

Obi—"Cowries, cloth, muskets, powder, handkerchiefs, coral beads, hats—anything from the white man's country will please." * * *

Obi—"I will agree to discontinue the slave-trade, but I expect the English to bring goods for traffic."

Commissioners—"The queen's subjects cannot come here to trade unless they are certain of a proper supply of your produce."

Obi—"I have plenty of palm-oil."

Commissioners—"Mr. Schön, a missionary, will explain to you in the Ibu language what the queen wishes; and if you do not understand, it shall be repeated."

Mr. Schön began to read the address drawn up for the purpose of showing the different tribes what the views of the expedition were; but Obi soon appeared to be tired of a palaver which lasted so much longer than those to which he was accustomed. He manifested some impatience, and at last said—"I have made you a promise to drop this slave-trade, and do not wish to hear anything more about it." * * *

Obi—"I believe everything you have said, and I once more consent to give up the slave-trade."

Some of the presents were now brought in; which Obi looked at with evident pleasure. His anxiety to examine them completed his inattention to the remainder of the palaver.

Commissioners—"These are not all the presents that will be given to you. We wish to know if you are willing to stop boats carrying slaves through the waters of your dominions."

Obi—"Yes, very willing; except those I do not see."

Commissioners—"Also, to prevent slaves being carried over your land?"

Obi—"Certainly; but the English must furnish me and my people with arms, as my doing so will involve me in war with my neighbors."

Obi then retired for a short time, to consult with his head men.

Commissioners—(on his return.) "Have you

power to make an agreement with the commissioners in the name of all your subjects?"

Obi—"I am the king; what I say is law. Are there two kings in England!—There is only one here." * * *

The commissioners requested Mr. Schön, the respected missionary, to state to King Obi, in a concise manner, the difference between the Christian religion and heathenism, together with some description of the settlement at Sierra Leone.

Mr. Schön—"There is but one God."

Obi—"I always understood there were two."

Mr. Schön recapitulated the decalogue and the leading truths of the Christian faith, and then asked Obi if this was not a good religion; to which he replied, with a snap of the fingers, "Yes, very good, (makka.)"

We need not quote the treaty with its seventeen articles, but the conclusion is quite dramatic.

The important treaty having been at length sufficiently explained, was signed by the commissioners on the part of her majesty, properly witnessed; and by Obi, witnessed by his eldest son and two brothers. Captain Trotter then requested the Rev. Theodore Müller, chaplain to the commissioners, to ask a blessing of Almighty God on this successful commencement of our labors. The nature of the ceremony we were about to perform having been explained to Obi, with an intimation that he might remain or retire, he signified his wish to join us, and imitated our example in kneeling to the Christian's God—to him an unknown and inappreciable being.

In that solemn moment, when the stillness was unbroken save by the reverential voice of the clergyman, and all were devoutly engaged, Obi became violently agitated. On the conclusion of the ceremony, he started up, and uttering a sudden, fearful exclamation, called aloud for his Ju-ju man to bring his protecting "Arrisi," or idol; being evidently under the impression that we had performed some incantation to his prejudice, the adverse tendencies of which it would be necessary to counteract by a sacrifice on his part. He stood trembling with fear and agitation; the perspiration streamed down his face and neck, showing how great was the agony of mind he endured. The priest had heard the cry of his sovereign, and, rushing into the cabin with the idol—a piece of blackened wood enveloped in cloth—which the king placed between his feet, was about to offer the customary libation of palm-wine, &c., when Captain Trotter, also much disconcerted at the idea of a heathen ceremony being performed in our presence and in opposition to the rites of our holy religion, interrupted him, and called for Captain Bird Allen, who had just left the cabin. It was an interval of breathless anxiety; the king became every moment more alarmed, and desirous to continue his sacrifice, till it was explained to him that we had asked the great God, who was Father of us all, to bestow his blessing alike on the black people and on us. This immediately pacified him; he desisted from the operations, and his good-humor as quickly returned. The remainder of the visit was spent very much to his gratification, in pouring down his own throat the palm-wine, intended for Ju-ju, as well as that of good Spanish growth, which was placed before him, and afterwards in visiting every part of the vessel.

The fever is not treated at length; a reference being made to the works of Doctors Pritchett and M^rWilliam. What there is, partakes of a general

and more attractive character. The following is at once interesting and informing.

It was a trying day to the sick of all the vessels. A fiercely burning sun, the air close and sultry, with the thermometer 90° at noon, in the shade, and scarcely below 85° even at night, raised the fever to its height; and it seemed with several, that without continued artificial ventilation by fans and frequent cold spongings, they would have expired under the oppression of breathing and heat of skin. Many of those not yet entered on the sick-list were evidently beginning to feel weak and apprehensive.

In addition to the enervating fever, we seem to be threatened with another and more singular visitation, not less dreaded by the seamen. For the last two nights, the little tenement on the starboard sponson, which having been comfortably fitted up by Lieut. Strange, for some of the blacks, went by the name of Kru-Town, had been disturbed by unwelcome intruders in the shape of snakes, which were now abundant in the waters, being driven off the high grasses on the inundated islands. The fear of these, as some were said to be venomous, was certainly one of the horrors; and in all the vessels several were killed at night, having either twisted themselves up by the cable or by the paddle-wheels. While we lay aground at English Island, they were seen frequently coiled round the tops of the reeds which appeared above water; and one of the officers of the *Amelia* tender absolutely practised with a pistol at a bunch of these reptiles, collected in that way near the vessel. On questioning a native on the subject, he gave a very satisfactory explanation. During the dry season, when the river is low, much of the land, now overflowed, is quite exposed and connected with the banks, and the grass soon springs up luxuriantly, affording a sunny and open resort for the numerous insects; snakes then come out of the surrounding woods of these localities, and when the water rises, cutting off large patches, like islands, communication is prevented with the banks. As the river gets still higher, they are obliged to take refuge on the reeds; and when these are submerged, they swim off, attaching themselves to the first object they meet in their course which may afford a refuge: in this way several must have accidentally come in contact with the vessels in the stream. Whenever a noise was heard in "Kru-Town," the people used to say, "Another snake come!" One of a very venomous character was killed on board the *Soudan*.

We cannot enter into much of the diplomacy, but the following piece is a rare sample. The reader will perceive that the instructions of the Colonial Office touching the completion of any purchase were rigidly carried out, and, it would seem, by some pupil of the office transmogrified into a "sea lawyer."

For the purchase of this territory we agreed to give seven hundred thousand cowries, (nearly 45*l*.) or goods to that amount; one fifth part of which was to be paid when the deed of cession was signed, as security for the purchase and delivery of the said land; the remainder to be paid as soon as the British people shall have had possession of the land for twelve months, provided they should at that time wish to retain it, either at one payment, or in five instalments, as might be most convenient to the queen of Great Britain.

King Obi requested a missionary to be left with

him: this is the use to which he turned the missionary.

Immediately on our arrival, he came on board to pay his respects, and said that the king had been very kind to him. It did not appear that he had made any beginning in his pastoral duties; for the king, anxious to derive as much advantage as possible from his civilized countryman, had conferred upon him the dignity of chief tailor, thus showing a determination to begin by reforming his outward man.

[As a contrast to the unfavorable report of the British settlements on the Coast, we copy from the *Colonization Herald* parts of a letter from Samuel Mercer, commander, U. S. Navy, to our old friend Elliott Cresson.]

U. S. SHIP JAMESTOWN, }
MADEIRA, May 12th, 1848. }

WHEN we unexpectedly met at Havre de Grace for a few moments, when I was on my way to Norfolk to take command of this ship, bound to the coast of Africa, to cruise for the double purpose of preventing the slave-trade being carried on under our flag and to protect our constantly increasing commerce on the coast, you requested that I would write you after I had visited Monrovia, and give my opinion of the state of the colony of Liberia and of its future prospects. I avail myself, with pleasure, of this opportunity to comply with your request.

We have been at Monrovia three times, and at each visit I was ashore repeatedly, mixed freely with the colonists, and took pains to inquire of the most intelligent among them what were their future intentions and prospects, and also as to their present state and condition. On our first visit, in November last, the colony had just declared its independence and published its new constitution as the basis upon which the Republic of Liberia was to be governed. Our intercourse with the governor and inhabitants, was of a most cordial and friendly character. On our second visit, which was in January last, the new government was in operation, Governor Roberts having been duly inaugurated as President, and the Senate and House of Representatives in session. I took occasion one day to visit both houses of congress, and listened with attention and interest to their debates on the new revenue or tariff law. Everything was done in the most decorous and orderly manner, each member seeming to understand the subject of discussion fully. The senate consists of six members and the presiding officer, and the house of eight members and the speaker.

It was, indeed, to me, a novel and interesting sight, although a southern man, to look upon these emancipated slaves legislating for themselves, and discussing freely, if not ably, the principles of human rights, on the very continent, and, perhaps, the very spot, where some of their ancestors were sold into slavery. Who can foresee what may yet spring from this germ of freedom for the regeneration of Africa?

I am quite certain if colonies were established along the coast on the same liberal principle as

Liberia, that the slave-trade would have to be abandoned along the west coast of Africa as far south as the equator, in ten or fifteen years, and at a cost too of less than is now consumed for two or three years, in keeping up the American, French, and English squadrons, for its suppression. Two or three millions of dollars judiciously spent, would do all this. I have no correct idea what has been the expense to the Colonization Society in planting and nourishing its colony on this coast, but imagine I am safe in estimating it at not more than four hundred thousand dollars; and with that amount it has, by its energetic, humane, and judicious management, driven the slave-trade from an extent of coast of 320 miles, reaching from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, with the single exception of one slave establishment at New Cess, which President Roberts, by stringent and energetic measures, will soon cause to be abandoned. From Cape Palmas to Cape Three Points the slave-trade does not exist; indeed, I believe I may include the coast as far down as Cape St. Paul, as freed from this abominable traffic. From the latter Cape to Cape Formoso the trade is still in active operation, whence thousands of slaves are taken off yearly, notwithstanding the vigilance of the many cruisers on the coast—the officers and crews of the English and French men-of-war being rewarded with the amount arising from the sales of the vessels captured, besides getting twenty dollars a head for each recaptured slave. It will be perceived, then, that the only part of the coast north of the equator, with the exception of that portion extending from Cape Mount to the Sheba river, which will require colonizing, reaches only from Cape St. Paul to Cape Formosa, a distance not exceeding three hundred miles. I am satisfied that this portion of the West Coast is quite as healthy, or to speak more properly, not more unhealthy than the coast of Liberia. There are portions of it, too, where the soil is exceedingly fertile, and, indeed, may compare advantageously in this respect with any other part of the coast. Near Quitta, (a Danish fort,) about fifteen miles east of Cape St. Paul, the abundance with which we were supplied with sheep, hogs, fowls and fruits, and the cheapness of the articles, surprised us very much.

Liberia, I think, is now safe, and may be left, after a while, to stand alone. Would it not be advisable then, for the Colonization Society to turn its attention to some other portion of the coast, and extend the area of its Christian and philanthropic efforts to bettering the condition of the colored people of our country, by sowing, on other parts of the coast, some of the good seed which have produced so bountifully on the free soil of Liberia?

There is no part of the West Coast of Africa exempt from fever, and the colonist must expect to suffer from its effects for a while after landing at Monrovia, Cape Palmas, or any other point on the coast of Liberia. The number carried off by the fever is not very large: the deaths are principally confined to old people and young children.

After a year's sojourn those who survive its attacks become so far acclimated as to suffer little from it thereafter. I found several persons living at Monrovia and enjoying excellent health, although old, who came over with the first colonists, settled at Shubro Island. These have been living in Africa twenty-five years.

In no part of the world have I met with a more orderly, sober, religious and moral community than is to be found at Monrovia. On the Sabbath it is truly a joyful sound to hear hymns of praise, and a pleasure to observe how very general the attendance upon divine worship is among these people. I believe every man and woman in Monrovia, of any respectability, is a member of the church. If you take a family dinner with the president, (and his hospitable door is always open to strangers,) a blessing is asked upon the good things before you set to. Take a dinner at Colonel Heck's, (who by the way keeps one of the very nicest tables,) and "mine host," with his shiny black intelligent face, will ask a blessing on the tempting viands placed before you.

In conversation with President Roberts during our third and last visit to Monrovia, in March last, I expressed my apprehensions that if he and half a dozen others of the leading men of the republic were cut off by death, it would be impossible to replace them with men of equal abilities. The president did not at all participate in my apprehensions on this point, but expressed a perfect confidence in the belief, that from the general and increasing intelligence of the people, any gap occasioned in this way, might be repaired without any detriment to the welfare of the republic.

On my second visit to Monrovia, while the congress was in session, I had a fair opportunity of conversing with several members from the three counties in which the state is divided, from whom I was pleased to learn that the people in the interior had begun to turn their attention to agricultural pursuits, being persuaded that their true interests lay in producing more than they have yet been in the habit of doing. Of this pleasing fact I had previously been assured by President Roberts.

It will sound stranger, perhaps, to European ears than to our own to hear that the secretary of the treasury and of state, and the chief justice, are storekeepers, and that the attorney general of this little republic is a blacksmith. They were the best materials at hand, and it is to be hoped that for some years to come the diplomatic relations and financial affairs of the republic will be of so simple a nature as to be easily managed by the present incumbents of the state and treasury departments, who are men of good sense and honest intentions. Crimes of magnitude against the state will be but few for some time, and such cases as are brought before the Supreme Court of Liberia, will be so plain that honest Judge Benedict, the storekeeper and chief justice, and the equally honest blacksmith and attorney general, Major Brown, will be able to see to the bottom of them as clearly as Chief Justice Taney and Mr. Attorney General Clifford in our Supreme Court.

will unravel the knotty cases (made still more knotty by the astute and learned gentlemen who plead before them) submitted for their sage decision.

I think Liberia may require a little pecuniary aid from abroad for a few years, until she can cast about and provide the ways and means to carry on the government from her own scanty treasury. Already, as in our own country, there are many office-seekers, and each officer expects to receive a reasonable price for his services. To meet these demands and others upon the treasury, congress has provided a tariff law, which, among its provisions, embraces one authorizing the government to monopolize the sale of crockery ware, salt, powder, fire-arms and tobacco. From the duties on these, and the general tariff on imports, they hope to realize a sufficient sum to meet the public expenses; and they feel so confident in not being disappointed in this expectation, that congress refused to authorize a loan of twenty or forty thousand dollars, before their own financial experiment had been tried.

It is impossible to foresee what will be the fate of this infant republic struggling for national existence; but, whatever that fate may be, it cannot be denied that its career of advancement, up to this period, has been the most astonishingly rapid of any other people, under similar circumstances, that history, ancient or modern, brings to our knowledge. It is not yet a quarter of a century since the first colonists landed at the mouth of the St. Paul's or Mesurado river, and took up their abode on a small island, from whence they were obliged to proceed to the main land in armed parties and fight the natives for the water for their daily use. Now, the colony is peopled with more than five thousand emigrants. Its rule extends, undisputed, along the coast from Cape Palmas almost to Cape Mount, a distance of nearly three hundred and twenty miles—seventy thousand natives living within the limits of the republic, acknowledge its power and obey its laws. The capital of the State, Monrovia, boasts of about two hundred houses, most of them well built, comfortable dwellings, and a population of 1200 inhabitants. The people are moral and religious; and to judge from what I saw at Monrovia, I don't think, for the number of inhabitants, there is a greater amount of human happiness to be found in any part of the world.

From the Spectator.

JAMES GREGOR GRANT'S POEMS.

THE truest test of power in poetry is self-dependence. There is enough in these volumes both of purity and delicacy of sentiment, and musical finish of execution, to cause regret that the writer should have so often borrowed his inspirations. We would not be understood to charge Mr. Grant with conscious plagiarism; but he has written too much under the influence of sympathetic admiration. One half of his volumes is an echo; a very melodious

echo, it is true, but "damnable iteration," for all that. Was there no friend at hand to weed the volumes of everything that snacked of neighboring seed-plots? The two volumes might have shrunk to one under a judicious hand; but Mr. Grant's unusual and unquestionable grace, facility, and tenderness, would have been all the better displayed within the narrower compass.

We should at once infer that these volumes are the product of a life passed away from the centre of literary intercourse, cliquery, and gossip. A Londoner would never have preserved his faculty of literary admiration so fresh as it shows through these poems. He would never have risked the imputation of copyism, which the naïve expression of that admiration in Mr. Grant's verses will certainly suggest to unsympathetic readers.

The principal poem of two goodly volumes is an expansion of Dante's theme of "Madonna Pia,"—the lady of Sienna, who died in a bleak tower of Maremma, victim to the jealousy (groundless, says the legend) of her husband. Her fate prompted one of those gushes of inimitable tenderness, such as the tale of Francesca, which soften the stern horror of the *Inferno*, and are in truth the parts of it most cherished in common recollections of that stupendous poem. Mr. Grant has spun out the four lines of his original into some forty-seven pages of ottava rima. The theme might have supplied matter for even a more elaborate treatment in sterner hands; but Mr. Grant has only used the obvious topics of the legend; and his poem, graceful as it is and tender, while it aspires to give form and shape to the misty terror that broods round the four mysterious lines of Dante really brings down the suffering of the wife to a disagreeable death from marsh-fever, and the vague vengeance of the husband to a positive act of groundless and disgusting barbarity.

Mr. Grant is happiest in his shorter poems. These are extremely various, both grave and gay, in theme; taking all forms, from the Wordsworthian sonnet and Catullian epithalamic song, to the swinging trisyllabic dance of Tommy Moore and the long roll of the Tennysonian trochaic, besides employing the whole range of the more common lyric measures. Mr. Grant handles English with unusual propriety, and employs metre with great ease, if not always with perfect ear. Throughout he dedicates his verse in the spirit of a true worshipper of Nature, and (saving a little vein of middle-aged reminiscence of over-ardent love-making, coldly received) writes like a pure, thoughtful, honest, and affectionate man, and a genuine poet in his perception of and reverence for the beautiful.

There are two series of sonnets; one a memorial of the lake country, the other of Belgium. We select from the first this

INVOCATION.

Yet once more, O ye mountains! and once more,
Ye lakes and streams, deep glens and valleys fair!
We drink the freshness of your gladsome air,
By sounding cataract or silent shore,
On pebbled marge, or shrubless summit hoar,
On verdant lea, or craggy headland bare;

Or, on your mirrored depths, the deep hush there
Gently dispel with gently-dripping oar.
How changed from the loud world! No sound
awakes

Louder or sterner than the gush of rills.
O, lovely forms! for your majestic sakes,
Pure be each thought your loveliness instils!
Fresh as your fountains, lofty as your hills,
Deep, pure, and placid, as your glittering lakes!

The desolation of Bruges inspires these graceful
lines.

BRUGES.

Me, gentle Bruges, in thy silent streets,
(Whose antique gabled frontlets, soaring high,
Catch the last splendors of the evening sky,)
No strain of lute, no sound of music greets;
No voice my country's lyric voice repeats,
To cheer or sadden me in wandering by,
From turret grate, or convent casement nigh,
Where pensive Beauty from the world retreats;
Nor sound nor sight to startle or embolden,
Breaks on the drowsy ear or quiet glance.
Gray walls and spires here sleep in shadowy trance,
Or glimmer there in sunset glory golden;
And thou, thus picturesquely quaint and olden,
Art in thyself, O Bruges! a romance.

The writer's mastery, both of language and style,
is fairly shown in this on

POETS.

Poets are a joyous race!
O'er the laughing earth they go,
Shedding charms o'er many a place
Nature never favored so;
Still to each divinest spot
Led by some auspicious star,
Scattering flowers where flowers are not,
Making lovelier those that are.

Poets are a mournful race!
O'er the weary earth they go,
Darkening many a sunny place
Nature never darkened so;
Still to each sepulchral spot
Called by spectral lips afar,
Fancying tombs where tombs are not,
Making gloomier those which are.

Poets are a gifted race!
If their gifts aright they knew;
Fallen splendor, perished grace,
Their enchantments can renew:
They have power o'er day and night;
Life, with all its joy and cares—
Earth, with all its bloom and blight—
Tears and transport—all are theirs!

Poets are a wayward race!
Loneliest still when least alone,
They can find in every place
Joys and sorrows of their own:
Grieved or glad by fitful starts,
Pangs they feel that no one shares,
And a joy can fill their hearts
That can fill no hearts but theirs.

Poets are a mighty race!
They can reach to times unborn;
They can brand the vile and base
With undying hate and scorn;

They can ward detraction's blow;
They oblivion's tide can stem;
And the good and brave must owe
Immortality to them!

These extracts will sufficiently prove that Mr. Grant may safely trust to himself. Let him take the counsel suggested by his own better judgment in his stanzas "After writing certain paraphrases from Hazlitt."

Why thus my idle efforts bound
To clothing other's thoughts anew,
While Nature from her breast profound
Scatters a thousand themes around,
And prompts, in every sight and sound,
With inspiration true!

What though she rear no giant throne
'Midst Alpine solitude and storms;
She deigns the humblest spot to own,
And clasps within her mighty zone
"A violet by a mossy stone,"
Fondly as mightiest forms.

Go to the brooks, the woods, the fields,
And list her prompting accents there;
With others' quarried thoughts who builds,
With others' borrowed gold who gilds,
The palm which Fame or Honor yields
Shall never, never bear.

The lofty meed, unsold, unbought,
To dreaming "idlesse" shall not fall.
Deep lie the golden mines of thought,
In our own bosoms to be wrought,
Or perish there, like gems unsought,
And treasures hid from all.

O Truth, Love, Nature, mighty three!
(Or are ye one?) nurse ye my dreams!
Your lore divine pour forth on me,
And bid my spirit feel and see,
E'en in the humblest things that be,
A thousand prompting themes!

Above all, let him study the great condition of *limitation* in art, which works to curtail poems as well as cut down volumes, and apportions unerringly the poetical dress to the dimensions of the poetical thought, making each couplet and collection of couplets what it is, and no other.

WHAT LONDON IS.—London, which extends its intellectual, if not its topographical, identity from Bethnal Green to Turnham Green, (ten miles,) from Kentish Town to Brixton, (seven miles,) whose houses are said to number upwards of two hundred thousand, and to occupy twenty square miles of ground, has a population of not less than two millions of souls. Its leviathan body is composed of nearly ten thousand streets, lanes, alleys, squares, places, terraces, &c. It consumes upwards of four million three hundred and sixty-nine thousand pounds of animal food weekly, which is washed down by one million four hundred thousand barrels of beer annually, exclusive of other liquors. Its rental is at least £7,000,000 a year, and it pays for luxuries it imports at least £12,000,000 a year duty alone. It has five hundred and thirty-seven churches, two hundred and seven dissenting places of worship, upwards of five thousand public-houses, and sixteen theatres.—*Newspaper paraphrase.*

From the Spectator.

KRASINSKI'S PANSLAVISM AND GERMANISM.

SOME few years ago, the author of "Revelations of Russia" drew attention to the growing feelings of nationality among the Slavonic peoples, and predicted the disturbance if not the dissolution of the Austrian empire on the death of Metternich. The French revolution in February precipitated the accomplishment of his prediction; involving Austria herself in turmoil, and her discordant members in revolt or confusion. The same cause stimulated the German feelings of nationality; properly if not prudently when confined to the affairs of Germany—not so properly when, under the vague pleas of ethnography or geography, they waged war against the Scandinavians in Denmark and the Poles in Posen, or threatened war against the Dutch. The affair of Posen as represented to Germany, and through Germany to Europe, with the expressed antipathy of the Germans to the Poles, soon put an end to the idea that the revolutionary explosion might reach Poland, and perhaps give rise to a successful attempt to reestablish her nationality. The disappointment consequent upon that failure has probably soured the Polish mind towards Germany, aggravated as the real injury has been by a tone of arrogance on the part of the German press. This feeling finds utterance in *Panslavism and Germanism*; but, though M. Krasinski's general views as to the numbers, power, and future greatness of the Slavonic race may find an echo in the minds of the Poles, we doubt whether his plans will excite much sympathy in their bosoms.

The primary though indirect object of the book is to show, by historical parallel, the superior virtues and liberality of the Polish to the German race, and the selfish manner in which that liberality has been requited. The exhibition, we conceive, rather supports the German claim; since it is always found that the admission of foreign tribunals in a country, to settle questions where foreigners are concerned, argues a superiority in those foreigners over the natives. The same is the case where settled strangers are advanced over the natives to posts of authority. Hence, the fact that Germans were always well received in Poland, and, advancing their fortunes, took a superior social place, while the Slavonic races in Germany were oppressed into something like "hewers of wood and drawers of water," seems to argue the superiority of the Germans in acquirements, if not by nature.

A great if not the great object of the work before us is to exhibit the power, feelings, and political tendencies of the Slavonic peoples, and by that means to frighten something out of Germany or Europe for the Western Slavonians. The total numbers of this race reach to nearly eighty millions; of which six millions, in round numbers, are subject to Turkey, and nearly forty-eight are native Russians. The Poles are upwards of nine millions; nearly five millions belonging to

Russia, upwards of two to Austria, and about two to Prussia. The total number of Slavonians subject to Austria is 16,791,000; to Prussia, 2,108,000; which, with the addition of 4,912,000 in Russian Poland and some isolated settlers, makes four-and-twenty millions, as shown in the following table:

| | |
|--|------------|
| Poles subject to Russia, | 4,912,000 |
| Slavonians subject to Austria, including | |
| 2,341,000 Poles, and 4,370,000 | |
| Bohemians and Moravians, . . . | 16,791,000 |
| Slavonians subject to Prussia, including | |
| 1,982,000 Poles, | 2,108,000 |
| Slavonians in Cracow, | 130,000 |
| Slavonians in Saxony, | 60,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 24,001,000 |

Some of these populations—as the Prussian Poles and the Bohemians—penetrate into Germany; others are seated on its frontier; the Hungarian Slavonians, in number more than six millions, though removed from Germany proper, are yet in the Austrian empire; and the entire of these peoples, provoked by German arrogance, or by German efforts to supersede their language and overcome their nationality, have been in arms—as in Posen and at Prague, or still are—as in Hungary.

These facts of the numbers of the Slavonians connected with Germany, and of the conduct of the Slavonians, are dwelt upon by M. Krasinski at great length; and the conclusion drawn is the imprudence of the German conduct, both for German interests and to Europe at large. For some years past, the educated Slavonians, from Bohemia to Russia, have been stimulated to cultivate a brotherhood by means of a language common in its dialects, as well by their own olden literature. Grant that, in the present state of public opinion in Europe, no efforts will be made for the reestablishment of Poland as a nation—grant that it is even impossible to do it if the will existed, and that it would be mischievous, (as the Germans say to their interests,) since Poland as a nation would league itself with France—why exasperate the Slavonians generally? why oppress the Poles by military license, and insult them, as is the wont of the German press, by such feelings as are expressed in the following passage from a pamphlet by Mr. Wuttuke, a liberal German writer, and a deputy to the Frankfort parliament? He is speaking in reference to the German claims over the Polish cities.

The question is, therefore, as follows: are the Germans to be under the dominion of the Poles, or the Poles under that of the Germans?

No German should hesitate about the answer to this question. We at least have but one answer to it. In such a case the Pole must not be placed above us—he must not command but obey us; and if he will not, he may emigrate to Warsaw or to his friends in Paris. We do not wish to oppress him; but we shall not give up the space of a single foot of our land upon which Germans live, as long as there are swords ground in Germany.

Above all, argues M. Krasinski by way of covert threat, this conduct is most imprudent, as having a tendency to throw the Poles and the other Slavonic peoples into the arms of Russia. Let the Poles once despair of establishing their nationality—which many now do—and be oppressed and insulted by Germany, and it depends upon Russia whether the Poles will not, upon proper terms, amalgamate with their brother Slavonians, the Russians. As for the other peoples, they are (except the Bohemians) so mentally backward that they care little for the principles of political or even civil liberty; with them the exciting stimulus is nationality.

The plan of M. Krasinski to ward off the evils which he anticipates to Germany and Western Europe from the establishment of a Slavonian empire of Pan Slavism instead of Russianism, and at the same time to restore the Poles to an independent position, is to construct a sort of federal Slavonic empire, with Austria at the head. If we understand our author rightly, Austria would retain all her present provinces (or kingdoms) where the Slavonic element prevails—as Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia; she would add thereto her own Polish provinces, as well as those of Russia and Prussia. The constitution should be that of Austria, “proclaimed on the 25th April this year.”

The Austrian empire would thus form a confederated state not unlike that of the United States of America, except that the executive authority must be here, as we decidedly think, vested, not in an elective president, but in an hereditary sovereign. It is almost superfluous to dwell upon the advantages which the latter arrangement presents in this case over the former. No one acquainted with the state of eastern Europe, can admit for a moment that its inhabitants are now fit for receiving a republican form of government, the establishment of which meets, even in France, with great difficulties, and which has been wisely discarded by the Italians who are now struggling to free their country from a foreign dominion. It is moreover well known that the bulk of the population of the different Austrian provinces have a strong attachment to the imperial house; and therefore it will have no difficulty in rallying them all round its throne, and become their common centre by representing the interests of them all.

Whatever may be thought of this proposal in an ethnographical point of view, too many difficulties lie in the way for it to be reduced to practice. Prussia would not, either by herself or as part of Germany, give up her Polish provinces; Russia is still less likely; and who is to force them? Austria has enough on her hands; France gives no appearance of indulging in such crusades, even if she could finally prevail against Germany and Russia united; and our author admits that the policy of England is peaceful.

The other parts of the book are distinguished by something of the theorizing character which distinguishes the plan. The probability of Russia's annexing the Turkish Slavonic provinces to her own empire in the case of a favorable oppor-

tunity is considerable. She is doubtless now fomenting the dissatisfaction of the Slavonic Hungarians; but such a change in her policy as shall induce Poland cordially to amalgamate with her is not likely. We cannot therefore see any urgent danger from the formation of what the author calls Pan Slavism or its empire; but he has no doubt pointed out a sore in central Europe, which, if not treated tenderly and skilfully, may become a sort of Irish question for Germany. There is also some remote possibility of a future amalgamation of the whole Slavonic peoples situated east of the Carpathian mountains and the Vistula. There is, however, an equal possibility of their eventually splitting up; nothing but despotism and slavish ignorance keeps them as they are.

The literary character of the book partakes of the nature of its views. It is able, clear, and fluent, but with a foreign kind of state paper air about it—larger and more deeply founded on principles than our English protocols, but less specific and practical. The feature of the book consists in calling attention to an important element of disturbance in Germany and its eastern confines, and in a manner which, if somewhat overstrained, results from a vivid impression that no foreigner, or at least no Englishman, could attain; and in this point of view it is worthy of attention from the politician who would wish to know the bearings of the author's Pan Slavism.

From the Spectator, 19th August.

GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

INSURRECTION being over in Ireland for the season, it seems probable that it will be followed up by a famine; for as the Irish, very generally, have relied upon the treacherous root, and have spent such trifling sums as they had upon arms and ammunition, a second visitation of the potato disease finds them just as ill prepared to meet it as if they had not had the terrible experiences of 1846. The rebel, therefore, who has consumed the spring and summer in defying the Saxon, will pass the autumn and winter in begging of the Saxon: arms and alms alternate; the shout and screams of rebellion are succeeded by the howl and whine of mendicancy; and the people whose favored orators and writers boast their singularly exalted virtues, will not scruple to eat the bread of charity, extorted by force of abject and obscuring helplessness. Relief will again be given; John Bull, though rough, is soft-hearted; and although anger, contempt, disgust, exasperation—the mingled feelings provoked by the brutality, the senselessness, helplessness, boastfulness, and meanness of the petitioners—will turn his stomach and prompt an abrupt refusal, he will gulp down his nausea, and will once more put his hand in his pocket. But it is hardly to be believed that even easy John Bull will so soon repeat his concession to demands on the resources of his energy and thrift, so odiously and unwarrantably repeated, without asking how it is that Ireland continues to be this rebel-beggar—how it is that the responsible

persons in office have not contrived some general plan for the proper treatment of that mendicant and lawless nation!

The one paramount reason is, that the government of Ireland, ever since it has professed to be "constitutional" or "equal," has been one, from first to last, of pretences. The excuse of the Irish is that they are a people in a state of civilization inferior to that of the English; but we have been treating them *as if* they were equal. We need go into no question of race—we rest on no supercilious assumption that the Celt cannot equal the Saxon. We need not stop to examine the causes of the inferiority; Lord Shrewsbury ascribes it to the past oppression of the Irishman, who has learned to distrust the English law, and makes himself a nullity before it, by defying or defeating it even when he is charged with aiding its administration. It is true that in other countries, especially in Germany and England, the oppressed bondmen of the soil contrived to elevate themselves by a persevering and steadfast use of "the law," even when its intent seemed to be adverse to them; that it was open to the Celt to do the like, but that he has neglected the opportunity. It is true that Irish historians boast of some kind of civilization before the rest of the world was awake—some dream of golden greatness, fitter to adorn lyric poems than historical works; and so provoke the retort, that never within the range of history has Ireland been anything but a scene of idleness, improvidence, faction-fighting, and anarchy. But, for the moment setting aside questions of history, of remote causes, and of ethnology, let us once for all admit the fact that the Irish *are*, socially and politically, in an inferior condition, and therefore ought to be treated in accordance with that fact, and not in accordance with a figment of equality.

We need not go far for proofs of the inequality. They crowd upon the view, to whatever relation in life it is turned. Industry is a quality unknown to the pure Irish; neither can profit induce nor want compel it. In place of a farmer, Ireland produces a middleman—a trader in other men's industry and wants. They have no reverence for the established law, which the Teutonic race have made the shield of the humble against the great; and they are not intelligent in its administration. Whether as jurors or witnesses, "the public" conspire with the criminal to evade the law, by verdicts against the notorious facts. A great trial at law becomes in Ireland a lottery and a farce. The intelligence of the people in the conduct of political institutions is no less crude and defective. They act as if they did not know the use of such institutions. They do not follow the example set by the most oppressed classes of the Teutonic races, in using the franchise, conferred for the benefit of others, to obtain a gradual increase of power for themselves—using servitude itself to gain mastery. Public discussion, public agitation to elicit the suffrages of the people, degenerates into aimless sanguinary brawling, and reverts to the old faction-fights or to the secret societies of

that low class peculiar to Ireland. Forcible abduction, murder, perjury, and treason, are not popularly accounted crimes—and never were. Even the boasted piety is barbarous; to keep it up, the clergy themselves are obliged to desecrate their functions by dabbling in treason, conspiracy, and assassination. At this moment, no sooner is the indecent and abortive rebellion over, than we see the Romish clerical order trooping to petition for "pardon" and "amnesty," with an alacrity in unseemly contrast to the backwardness of the same body when their influence might have been used to prevent the crime for which they now ask pardon. The Irishman obeys the instinct of revenge individually, but he deprecates the retributive discipline of the state; because he sympathizes in the indulgence of passion, but has small respect for law or social order. Among other traits of incompetency, the unfortunate race, although disaffected and tumultuous, cannot even get up a respectable rebellion. The attempt ends in farce; the work of suppression is done by the constabulary; the rebellion has been *taken up* by the police. An Irish Catiline cannot rise above the level of the police jurisdiction. All these facts—and we do but recite such as are notorious to all—signify a people very low in the scale of civilization, and therefore very inferior to England.

It is time to recognize that truth. No sound result can be attained by any process of falsehood; we never shall make the Irish rebels loyal by pretending to believe them loyal—never make them independent, intelligent, or virtuous, by similar presumptions. Real benefits can only be attained by real processes; and whether we coerce or cherish the Irish, we shall not make much way unless, with whatever kindness and charity, we distinctly recognize that inferiority which they betray in all their conduct, instinctively feel, and confess in their eager demands for repeal of the union.

That preliminary fact being settled, the proper treatment of the inferior people will become clearer. We reject at once the idea of casting off the country which is so close to us; it cannot be done. We reject the idea, not as impolitic but as belonging to an obsolete policy, of arming every Irishman in the country, withdrawing all our troops to the north, and leaving Celtic Ireland to itself for a year. We dismiss the notion that any sort of government can be established by following up the whig régime as it has been, with its compromises between officials and traitors, its patronage of repeal associations and other forms of inchoate rebellion, its complicity in Irish blarney, Irish perjury, and Irish treachery. Apart from courses so wild, two offer themselves, which are not incompatible, but might be taken in succession.

The first is, to place the country, at once, as a dependent, inferior, and reconquered province, under military forms of control. A feeling gains ground in Ireland itself, among those who desire order, and, being loyal, need defence, that the attempt to keep up a farcical pretence of governing by free institutions, when Ireland is rebellious, and

is governed by a bungling and disguised form of despotic administration, only defeats government, and hinders the day when better modes of administration may become possible. The Irish have a despotism, and the friends of order only desire that it should be more complete and powerful in its application—more truly enlightened. For such purposes, a military form of authority is the best, because it is the most prompt, intelligible to rude minds through its simplicity, and effective; and also because it is, by its organization and discipline, the best adapted for *self-control*. Under such a régime, the whole classes of laws which, within the shadow of some “constitutional” pretence, permit the existence of “repeal associations” and other embryo conspiracies against the state, would be suspended; and we should no longer see the wretched spectacle of authority paralyzed by technicalities and chicanery from grappling with equivocating and impudent rebellion. Under such a régime the beneficial action of government, in the shape of “remedial measures,” would become possible at the earliest moment; their effects aiding and not awaiting other and slower social changes.

The second course, which might well succeed to the military pacification of Ireland, would be to complete the union—really to amalgamate Ireland with England; so that the law should make no discrimination between Trojan or Tyrian—English or Irish. Such a course would need a thorough revision of the criminal codes applicable to the two kingdoms, especially to England; since it would introduce to the empire state, thus for the first time “united” with its dependent, a new class of social and political crimes. The want should be supplied, not by the enactment or continuance of laws directed against the Irish, either in race or locality, but against the crimes and offences so common with that race, in Great Britain as well as in their native island. But the complete union would deprive the Irishman of any grievance that he can now allege in special laws, while it would place at his command, equally with the Englishman, all that there is of an enabling character in English laws. The pressure upwards, from crime and supine indolence to industry and order, acting impartially, steadily, and gently, would probably be obeyed by the inferior race in a gradual rise above the level of the sterner laws; which they would be enabled to effect without political changes, by their own conduct.

Either of these courses would imply the abolition of the viceroyalty, and the political government of Ireland, like any other province, from the metropolis of the United Kingdom.

From the Spectator.

TRIAL BY JURY IN IRELAND.

No doubt, Ireland and trial by jury, as they both are at present, are mutually unsuited.

Whether mistaught by oppression, or incapacitated by nature, the Irish are so far from perceiving the advantage which the people might gain from

trial by jury, that they have destroyed its virtue and compelled its suspension by the government. The unceasing endeavor of the Roman Catholic part of the people is to convert the juror, by intimidation, into a mere instrument for the acquittal of criminals. Trial by jury is not valued as a guarantee for the due observance of the law, but for its evasion. On such ground is it that to this day the names of the jury in Mitchel's case are held up to public odium.

The authorized administrators of the law derive a taint from the popular vice. The study of the bar is to devise evasions of the law. Such is too much the tendency even in England, where the very framing of laws—as in the absurd endeavor to attain an impossible infallibility of expression, or in the enactment of particular powers by antagonist negatives—invites evasion; but in Ireland, the whole force of the legal mind appears to be turned upon the lowest part of practice. That the bench can tolerate the frivolous and vexatious disputes about quibbles, shows how far even the highest authority is influenced by the low morale of the courts; and it is difficult to account for strange tenets recognized on the bench, except from supposing that some kind of intimidation reaches even to that exalted station. In O'Doherty's case the new doctrine of “*primâ facie* evidence”—that it is evidence which the jury are not bound to accept at its value, but which may or may not be altogether rejected—looks too much like *finching*. For enough was said to attest the judge's own comprehension of sound doctrine, but not, we think, enough to fix it upon the mind of the jury. Had the judge insisted that the jurors *must* entertain “*primâ facie*” evidence *unrebutted*, and distinctly made them draw their verdict from the entire body of the evidence, instead of supplying materials for a verbal quibble, the jury would have been without pretext. But what are we to say to the practice of the Irish courts, in discharging contumacious juries—releasing them, on the slightest pretext, from the inconvenient consequences of their own dishonest impracticability?

The case of O'Doherty suggests the further question, whether the unanimity required in petty juries is suitable to any part of the United Kingdom. If not, there can be no objection to a change; for prescription does not forbid it, and precedent would justify the particular change contemplated. The institution of trial by jury has undergone alterations too signal and practical for it to be regarded as an absolute fixity. In its remote original, as the compurgation of an accused man by finding twelve men to swear to his innocence, it was a rude safeguard against oppression, suited to the dark ages. The English theory of petty juries, that the evidence should be such as would convince any twelve men, was also a coarse test of truth suited to a time when evidence was imperfectly collected and sifted. At present, the arts of examination are so far cultivated, that the truth is to be sought with far less probability in the gross drift of *ex-parte* evidence than in the balance; and

that is best tested by a corresponding balance of opinion—in other words, by the opinion of the majority in a jury. Practically, such a rule prevails in the conduct of grand juries. It is also seen at times in the conduct of coroners' juries, to which more than twelve persons may be summoned, while the coroner may take the verdict in which any twelve concur. And in Scotland, the practice of taking the verdict of the majority works well. At all events, it prevents a single dunderhead, or a single contumacious sectarian, from defeating the ends of justice.

From the Times.

RUIN OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DURING the past week the British public has been admitted to a spectacle of a painfully interesting and gravely historical import. One of the most splendid abodes of our almost regal aristocracy has thrown open its portals to an endless succession of visitors, who from morning till night have flowed in an uninterrupted stream from room to room, and floor to floor—not to enjoy the hospitality of the lord, or to congratulate him on his countless treasures of art, but to see an ancient family ruined, their palace marked for destruction, and its contents scattered to the four winds of heaven. We are only saying what is notorious, and what, therefore, it is neither a novelty nor a cruelty to repeat, that the most noble and puissant prince, his grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, is at this moment an absolutely ruined and destitute man. Our advertising columns have introduced to the public the long list of estates, properties, and interests, which are no longer his, and will not revert to his heirs. The last crash of this mighty ruin is that which now sounds. Stowe is no more. This morning the tumultuous invasion of sight-seers will once again be endured, and to-morrow the auctioneer will begin his work.

As every thoughtful spectator has spoken to the peculiar and most lamentable character of the scene, one may be permitted to dwell for a while upon circumstances of such rare occurrence and indelible recollection. Under the lofty arch which crowns the long avenue from Buckingham, and opens the first view of the magnificent Palladian façade, has lately passed a daily cavalcade, which, except in its utter absence of style, might remind one of the road to Epsom on a Derby day. Barouches, flies, stage-coaches, "busses" pressed from the metropolitan service, and every gradation of "trap" down to the carrier's cart hastily emptied of groceries, dragged to Wolverton, and filled with the unfortunate holders of return tickets to town, constituted a dreary antithesis to the *cortege* which so lately brought royalty to Stowe. An elaborately circuitous road conducted the impatient visitors to the park front, before which, in the vast amphitheatre formed by its side colonnades, so often the scene of rural festivities, the enemy encamped. One might imagine a great county picnic had suddenly gathered at Stowe. Even stalls were there.

From the branch of a noble beech hung a huge pair of scales, on which venison was weighed. An advertisement posted on the front door particularized the very moderate prices at which a buck, a half, or a quarter, might be obtained. In the distance were fallen trees, timber wagons, and extempore sawpits. The enormous edifice was a human hive. Every window showed the crowd within passing to and fro. But once admitted—once standing under the Pantheon-like vault of the central saloon, and glancing right and left at the endless vistas of gorgeous apartments, then one indeed realized the sacrilege that was going on. Every scholar must have thought of the scene related by *Aeneas*, when the Greeks had burst open the gates of Priam's palace, and when the splendid interior, the spacious halls, and the sacred haunts of an ancient dynasty were presented to the eyes of the furious assailants.

The house was well set out for the distinguished visitors. Neither Louis XVIII., nor the Duke of Orleans, nor Queen Victoria, nor any of the great ones of the earth, whose visits are recorded with pillars and with trees planted by their own hands, saw Stowe so nobly arrayed as the British public have seen it this week. The bride was dressed for the altar, the victim for the sacrifice. No thrifty coverings, no ghostly brown holland, no neat patterned chintzes were there. King Mob had it all of the best—the richest damask furniture and the newest state hangings; only, as that personage rode literally roughshod through the palace, and brought with him clouds of gravel, there was just an attempt to save the carpets from excessive trituration. In the drawing-room were set out 60,000 oz. of gold plate; one was involuntarily reminded of the weight, for the scales were at work there also, and men were weighing and noting down lot after lot. On a table twenty yards long, and on a dozen sideboards stood forests of vases, candelabra, epergnes, groups, goblets, tankards, and every form and variety of plate, from the elaborate designs of Italian artists to the simple elegance of the old English school, and the pretentious richness of the last generation. Among fifty other pieces of historic value, the gifts of royal personages and distinguished men, stood a vase, formed from snuff-boxes presented by the cities and corporations in Ireland in 1779, the mace of the old corporation of Buckingham, purchased by the Buckingham conservatives, and presented to the duke as an everlasting possession; and the Chandos testimonial, for which the gentry and yeomanry of the county lately subscribed, we believe, £1500. During the whole week this testimonial has been surrounded by a crowd of agriculturists, the very originals of the figures thereon represented, telling of the guineas they had contributed to the ill-fated fabric, but avowing with unwearied gratitude worthy of a safer, if not a better cause, that they would gladly give the money over again.

In all the rooms it was the same. "Put thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die." *Cæsar*

died with grace. The obsequies of Stowe have been marshalled with befitting pomp. On what treasures of art will the sun set this day, never to rise again on a similar array within those walls! The quantity is beyond conception, and if the taste is not always the most refined, it is because the vastness of the accumulation and the accidents of its history forbade a more fastidious rule. The Duke of Buckingham is the representative, not of one, but of many families. It is a mighty wreck of ages that has been accumulated in this place, swollen indeed, and somewhat overwhelmed, by recent additions, but still full of historical, national, and poetical associations. The galleries of family portraits and collections of family memorials, seem to connect all the great men and all the great achievements of modern Europe with the names of Chandos, Temple, Cobham, Nugent, and Grenville. But, beyond the somewhat extensive circle of family affection, the original portraits of famous men and women here assembled, are of the greatest interest and value. Here, too, is the victor's portion in the spoil of celebrated sieges, the memento of historical friendships, and the favorite gem of royalty or beauty. In the manuscript room is the most extensive and valuable collection of Irish documents anywhere to be found. For the pictures, marbles, bronzes, antiques, articles of *vertu*, curiosities, china, glass, and wines, we leave them to the auctioneer, and his catalogue of 5000 items. It is not our purpose to speak of that which money has collected, and may collect. Such things are only scattered for a fragment elsewhere under new and more favorable auspices. But the heirlooms of many great families, the records of many great events, and the memorials of many great persons, all spontaneously collected into one great whole, constitute a singular and most significant fact, the obliteration of which we can only compare to the overthrow of a nation or a throne.

And everything is to be sold. The fatal ticket is everywhere seen. The portrait of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the first founder of the family, by Holbein, is now lot 51, in the 21st day's sale. That every other ancestor should go to the hammer, whether by Vandyke, or Lely, or Kneller, or Gainsborough, or Reynolds, follows of course. But there is one item of which no preparation can remove the shock. The Chandos family is descended from Frances Brandon, eldest daughter of the above Charles Brandon, by Mary, daughter of Henry VII. and Queen Dowager of France. Some time since certain savages or diletanti at Bury, exhumed that Mary Brandon from her grave, and took from her head a lock of silken hair, which thus constitutes a visible link between the present Duke of Buckingham and the throne of these realms, to which he has a reversionary claim. That lock of silken hair, in its glass case, is now to be sold to the highest bidder. What can we say more to show the extent of the devastation? After this it is idle to mention that the temple of friendship is rifled of its illustrious tenants, and

they are all to be sold. We repeat that everything goes. In two months' time there will not remain in that vast house one pewter spoon, one cracked cup, or spoutless teapot, to give a last vestige of hospitality to the last vestige of the dual interest in Buckinghamshire. The subject of one of the pictures now on the walls is too near akin to the reality which surrounds it not to force itself on the memory. Hezekiah's vain glory prompted him to show his treasures to an insidious embassy from Babylon. "All the things that are in mine house," he said, in answer to the prophet's inquiry, "have they seen. There is nothing among my treasures which I have not showed them." The reply was equally emphatic—"Behold! the day is come, that all that is in thine house, and that which thy fathers have laid up in store unto this day, shall be carried into Babylon. Nothing shall be left."

It is a most deplorable, and we must now add a most disgraceful event. On this point the truth shall be spoken. These columns have spared neither people nor prince. We have recently had to pronounce the judgment of public opinion, and to call for the vengeance of the laws upon the rash men who have perverted the first gushes of youthful genius and the rude instincts of popular freedom to an impious rebellion. We have been forced to do so, and we have done so without a pang. Should we deal fairly if we spared the destroyer of his house, the man whose reckless course has thrown to the ground a pillar of the state, and struck a heavy blow at the whole order to which he unfortunately belongs? The public opinion of this country respects the House of Lords, but not a degenerate aristocracy. It is apt to canvass and to censure noble names, because it measures their ill deeds with their great responsibility. The Duke of Buckingham has filled all minds with a painful presage of a wider ruin. Such events *speak* in these days. When dynasties are falling around, and aristocracies have crumbled into dust, disgrace acquires the force of injury, and personal ruin is a public treason. For an event of peace we have known nothing more serious and lamentable. This has not been in war or revolution. It is not a pillage by force of arms or revolutionary dogmas. In the midst of fertile lands and an industrious people, in the heart of a country where it is thought virtuous to work, to save, and to thrive, a man of the highest rank, and of a property not unequal to his title, has flung all away by extravagance and folly, and reduced his honors to the tinsel of a pauper and the baubles of a fool.

Were it only weakness, that might ask our contempt. But there is more than weakness here. It is notorious that the duke, by the use of a passionate and overpowering persuasion, has induced his amiable son, now in his twenty-fifth year, to cut off the entail of all the property in which his grace was interested. If the ruinous compliance was yielded to representations which subsequently proved to be incorrect—if the duke urged the

step only as a formal act, which he would soon set right by re-settling the estates, we will gladly concede to him the excuse of utter ignorance or frenzied desperation. Let it be that he did not know what he was about. The world, however, will view the act as a whole. The world has a certain opinion of a son who ruins his father, and it will not have a more favorable opinion of the father who has ruined his son, or rather both his children. This is not the place to discuss the general question of entail, or to inquire whether public benefits may not spring from a private ruin. That may or may not be; but it is beyond our present thoughts. A particular act, the act of a public man, an hereditary ruler, and the conservator of a noble house, is what we are now called upon to review. The Duke of Buckingham has persuaded his son to sign away his birthright, and to divide it among creditors who had no sort of claim upon the son's reversion, whatever they might have upon the father's interest. There are doubtless circumstances in which it is reasonable that the son should cut off an entail. In the present case there was neither reason nor excuse. A ducal house is overthrown to atone for one man's wilful folly, and to give expensive tradesmen and extortionate money-lenders better security than they contemplated when first they sold their goods and lent their money.

From the Spectator.

THE SALE AT STOWE.

THE sale at Stowe is too remarkable an incident not to have been improved in the lay homilies of journalism. The *Times* contrasted it with the time, not long distant, when the queen visited the ducal mansion, and when the satirist of the leading journal seemed to speak with as much familiarity of what went on behind the scenes, and with as much bitterness, as if he had been there among the guests. He is now most stern against that "man of the highest rank and of a property not unequal to his rank," who "has flung all away by extravagance and folly, and reduced his honors to the tinsel of a pauper and the baubles of a fool." Whereat the *Standard* is aflame at this "Jew"-like view. The moralizing *Post* opines that out-running the constable is a foible not limited to the west-end; and, denying the imputed extravagance as a personal matter, ascribes the disaster to "Peel's currency laws," which have reduced the prices of the land's produce and redoubled the burden on the landowner's property. Peel is to the *Post* what "the cat" is to the unlucky servant. Our contemporaries, however, do not deal with the cause to which the disaster is popularly assigned—an inordinate greed for land, inherited by the present duke from his father—a desire to grasp at every purchaseable acre, in order to acquire for the ducal demesnes a princely extent of territory. According to report, it is not through munificence, but through a species of covetous grasping, that the princely dignity of Stowe is handed over to the

bailiff, and its "rural felicity" ends in the squalidest of town miseries—a sale by auction. The Plantagenet is a pauper peer: the only estate that he can entail upon his descendants is the work-house.

The hint that all is equally rotten East of Temple Bar is alarming, and revives certain qualms occasioned by the gigantic failures. Nor does rumor spare other lordly houses: many peers, it is said, are as insolvent as if they were the absentee city merchants living in Belgravia. What is the reason? Is it that the reverence for wealth obliges the nobles to compete with the merchants, even beyond their means, in order to keep up a proportionate show as the only support of "dignity?" Or is it that the class of gentry who obtain goods on false pretences now contains, besides the pretended noblemen, the bearers of real titles? The peers will do well to set their house in order, if they would not have it doomed. No national institution can subsist on false pretences. The peers have seen the ground slide from under them often enough. The dukes and counts of the dark ages had personal functions, which their titles have survived for centuries. The Saxon earl was displaced by the Norman baron, each in his time a reality whose power was felt; but the lords who extorted a charter from John have lost their parliamentary supremacy, and could not refuse a charter to the Lancashire weavers if the commons chose to vouchsafe it. The function remaining with the lords is to be wealthy, of unquestioned respectability, refined, decorous, and deliberative. A certain proportion of debauchees and knocker-wrenchers might be conceded; an occasional felon or blackleg could not be taken to derogate from the general character of the order; but once let bankruptcy eat into its substance—let the peers grow poor, so losing their university cultivation and their social independence—and the order is gone, after the mailed barons, the lumber troop, the French peerage, the fairies, and every other traditionary shadow.

From the Economist.

RUIN BY THE POSSESSION OF LAND.

ONE of the princely nobles of England is to be sold up like a bankrupt earthenware dealer. Stowe, adorned by the tasteful collections of different families for several generations, is to be despoiled. The world-renowned seat of Buckingham and Chandos is to part from its impoverished owners. It has been exhibited to the public to stimulate covetousness, and is now pulling to pieces and carrying away under the hammer of the auctioneer.

What has made the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos a ruined and destitute man? He has been, we are assured, "neither a gambler, a drunkard, nor a profligate." "He has inherited debts," and the descendant of a queen, he has had royal vices. "To satisfy a feudal pride, and feed an inordinate ambition," says one of his advocates,

"he extended a territory which had need of curtailment." He and his father, the late duke, were purchasers of land. The Lord Temple, who lives in Mr. Canning's satire from his love of official stationery, became Marquis and afterwards Duke of Buckingham, was affected, like many other noblemen, with a desire to increase his possessions. The continual rise of rent for many years, and its rapid rise between 1800—1815, begot a desire for the possession of land as a means of increasing income. Even when other times gave a check to the rise of rents the expectation of a future rise did not die out, and many noblemen and gentlemen continued to be great land buyers after its purchase as a speculation had ceased to be in the commercial sense advantageous. Their agents were always in the market ready to buy, and they bade high for every farm that was to be sold. It is within the recollection of most middle-aged men that the acquisition of land was quite a passion, and it was purchased by many noblemen and gentlemen, the late Duke of Buckingham amongst others, at prices far beyond its real value. They speculated on an improving rent, and very often met with only beggared tenants.

At all times there is a strong desire to get hold of land. It carries dignity with the possession. It gives security, as well as much political influence. When these circumstances were strengthened by the rapid increase in its value, pointing it out as a profitable investment for a gentleman, and promising him and his family increased opulence as well as increased dignity and political influence, the desire became a strong passion—a habit even in many noblemen; and they became buyers of land, regardless of all commercial considerations. The speculation would have been less disastrous had they always had cash to complete the purchase. But noblemen and gentlemen are more sure to desire land than have spare money lying at their banker's to pay for it. When a rival for political influence was in the field, or a mercantile man sought to intrude himself within the circle of ducal influence, he was to be defeated at all hazards, the land was purchased at any price, and without regard to the means of present payment. The money was borrowed to pay for it; and, though men may successfully trade on borrowed capital, to purchase land with borrowed money, is certain loss. If the profit to be made on capital employed in agriculture, determines, in the end, as is laid down by political economists, the profit of all other capital, the rent is always a surplus after that profit is paid, and may by no means be, in proportion to the sum given for land, equal to the average rate of profit. Owing to the passion for acquiring land, the dignity and security it gives, it yields a less per centage for money than most other modes of investment. Thus the Duke of Buckingham would not get a higher rate of interest on 100,000*l.* he invested in land, than 2*½* per cent.; but, to acquire possession of the coveted place, he would borrow, or leave three fourths of the price on mortgage, and he would be lucky if

he obtained that at 4 per cent., more likely he would have to pay 5, and latterly the Duke of Buckingham might pay 6; but making it 4, he would have to pay for interest on the three fourths a greater sum than the annual rent. To pay the remaining fourth, he has to raise 25,000*l.* on his personal security, or on the security of property already mortgaged; and as a collateral security he has to insure his life. The value of his purchase will then stand thus:—He possesses an estate worth yearly 2,500*l.*

| | |
|---|-------------|
| He has to pay for 75,000 <i>l.</i> on mortgage, | 3,000 |
| Interest on 25,000 <i>l.</i> , | 1,250 |
| Life insurance, 4 per cent., | 1,000 |
| | <hr/> 5,250 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Annual loss by the acquisition, | 2,750 |
|---------------------------------|-------|

That is something like a representation, we believe, of the manner in which the acquisition of land—borrowing the money to pay for it—has involved this great ducal house in bankruptcy. The acquisitions were not limited to one purchase, nor were the mortgages and other incumbrances always paid except by additional loans. We are not acquainted with the family secrets, but it is probable that the present duke took with the purchases of his father all the incumbrances, and he seems to have added more of his own. His debts are said to be a million and a half sterling. It was stated, some years ago, that his life was insured for as large a sum as the united life offices of England would guarantee. He may have had to pay, probably, something like 40,000*l.* per year for premiums. He was never able to put aside his dignity, to cease his hospitality, to shut up his many princely mansions, to part with any portion of his estates, for that would have been to change his nature, to alter his being, and lower the dignity he made immense sacrifices to keep up. So he was dragged by his dignity to ruin. To have sold some of his land, the purchase and possession of which was his bane, might have preserved his house from its ultimate shame. His safety was to be found in denuding himself of his broad acres. But a latent hope seems to have inflated the ducal breast that corn laws would keep up prices, that rents would again rise to the war level, and the family be restored to ease and grandeur by the value of the land being doubled. Inexorable fate, and Sir Robert Peel have put an end to this hope both in the duke and his creditors, and the abolition of the corn laws has undoubtedly hastened the catastrophe which the house of Buckingham has to deplore.

How much of the whole misfortune may be traced to those laws, would be an inquiry more interesting, we are afraid, than profitable in its results. We should never get to any satisfactory solution. To not far-seeing men, nor men very deeply reflecting, the possession of a power to make laws to secure the price of corn seems a security against the fall of rent, if it do not offer a means of guaranteeing a rise. It

would add to the motives of a weak man, greedy for influence greater than his talents could command, and for wealth that he had no industry to acquire, to become a great landowner. Writers of the protectionist and mediæval school exclaim bitterly against the sordid avarice of traders; but speculation is their legitimate business, and, notwithstanding the failures of individuals, benefits the public. In what way speculation in land, to gain increasing rent and political power, can benefit the public, those writers fail to show; and while they bear hardly on the mercantile speculators, they require the public to speak only with compassion and honor of the failure of the sordid land speculators. A merchant could operate with safety if he could by law fix the price of commodities, as many of the land speculators believed they could fix the elements of rent. But they have been deceived, none more so than the Buckinghams; and we feel no compassion for a family of which it has long been suspected and asserted that its personal embarrassments, arising from speculating in land, have been the main cause of its persevering exertions to preserve the restrictions on the supply of food.

THE printed books and the almost invaluable collection of Irish MSS. at Stowe, will be sold, not by Messrs. Christie & Manson, but by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. A portion of the MSS. at Stowe was examined by Lord Nugent when compiling his Memorials of Hampden and his Times, —but his lordship, it is understood, made only a cursory examination. Many of the real treasures have only recently been discovered. A careful catalogue by competent persons would materially assist in realizing those high prices which the duke's creditors are anxious to obtain.—*Athenæum*.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.—The memorial for which we have prepared our readers, praying for a royal commission of inquiry into the best methods of securing the improvement of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which had been signed by nearly three hundred graduates and former members of those universities, as well as by some of the Fellows of the Royal Society, was, we learn, presented to Lord John Russell some weeks ago, by Mr. Lyell, accompanied by a deputation. Mr. Lyell, a contemporary reports, observed that the study of many important branches of knowledge, both moral and physical, especially the more progressive ones, now nominally taught at Oxford, had of late been virtually abandoned; chiefly because, according to the present system of examinations, no proficiency in those sciences could lead to distinction in that University. The classes of experimental philosophy, comparative anatomy, chemistry, geology, botany, modern history, political economy, and many others, were nearly or wholly deserted. The colleges, by dividing the students into many distinct sections, were unable to furnish and support an adequate staff of able and permanent teachers, each devoted to one department; and lastly, in

times comparatively modern the clerical body had engrossed an increasing and undue share in the management of academical tuition.—Mr. E. Bunbury, after adverting to the existence at Cambridge of the same evils as those indicated by Mr. Lyell at Oxford, pointed to the great disproportion between the funds of the University and those of the colleges as one of the principal causes of the undue preponderance of the latter—and drew attention to the constitution of the academic body itself as opposing great obstacles to the introduction of necessary reforms, especially on account of the absolute veto possessed by every member of the Caput, and the want of all power of discussion or amendment of graces in the senate. He stated at the same time that the immediate object of the memorialists was not to urge specific measures of reform, but to obtain a preliminary inquiry by means of a royal commission.—Lord J. Russell promised the matter his serious consideration; and adverting to the variety of opinions entertained as to the best modes of reform, admitted the necessity of the reform itself.—*Athenæum*.

THE "UNITY OF RACE" MOVEMENT.

TO MR. PUNCH:

Sir,—I wish you would do something to put a stop to that ridiculous movement towards "Unity of Race," wherein half the people of Europe are going to loggerheads. In Schleswig-Holstein there are the Scandinavian and Teutonic elements of the population, as they are called, quarrelling and cutting each other's throats. In another direction, the Slavonic breed is longing to be at the Teutons. The Austrian and Italian folks are at variance, and even the Neapolitans must needs fall out with the Sicilians. It is unnecessary to mention the wrong-headed Celts in Ireland, burning with envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness towards the Saxons. By and by, I suppose the fingers of Highland and Lowland Scotch will itch for internecine war. Why can't they fuse? Why can't they mingle? Why can't they put their horses together? I declare, *Mr. Punch*, that this mania for asserting unity of race puts me in bodily fear. When I examine the composition of my own anatomy, what do I find? Why, that I am partly ancient Briton, with a cross of the Roman, a good deal of the Saxon, a spice of the Dane, a bit of the Norman, and a touch of the Lombard and the Fleming into the bargain.

If this madness should prove contagious, who knows but that a squabble will arise between my constituent atoms; the Belgian, Lombard, and Danish particles of my blood will separate from each other; my Saxon muscles will detach themselves from my Norman bones; and there will be a breach between my ancient British forehead and my Roman nose. The consequence will be, that I shall go to pieces, or fall a victim to spontaneous combustion. Pray arrest this nonsensical unity of race movement if you can. If you cannot, at least endeavor to give it a right direction. Just remind the contending nations of the fact that they are all descended from Adam; and persuade them to amalgamate in one common stock on the strength of it.

Your constant reader,
JOHN BULL.

From the Economist.

SMALL POX IN SHEEP.

WITH respect to the sheep small pox, Mr. J. B. Simonds, of the Royal Veterinary College, in a communication to the Board of Trade, says, "I fear it (the disease) may be said to be naturalized in this kingdom. I would recommend that means are taken to obtain correct information, through the magistracy, of the present extent of the malady, as I have reason to believe that great mischief has resulted from the commingling of flocks, *the farmer suppressing the true cause of death among his sheep, and not hesitating to send animals for sale which had been exposed to the contagion.* The infected sheep should be confined to the separate farms, and none should be allowed to enter a fair or market, if coming from places where the disease prevails; for the malady may have been received, and be incubated in the system, without any evidence of this being shown by the animals." In a subsequent letter, Mr. Simonds says that vaccination cannot be depended on as a preventive of the small pox of sheep; but that it is a well-established fact that inoculation gives security against second attacks, and greatly diminishes the severity of the disease. He recommends that lambs should always be inoculated, keeping them separate from the sheep during the progress of the inoculated disease; and he says, also, that, even after small pox has shown itself in the flock, it is of great value, and "may be said to be our chief means of controlling the virulence of the affection." Col. Hodges, the British consul at Hamburg, says that, in Mecklenburg Schwerin, "a law exists, which directs all owners of flocks not only to acquaint their neighbors when the disease appears among their sheep, but also obliges them to circulate information of its breaking out in the country newspapers." Baron Biel, of Zieron, in Mecklenburg, says, "It is considered to be an epidemic, which, when once it appears, is contagious in the highest degree. Inoculation, however, prevents the danger almost entirely; and where properly attended to, reduces loss amongst flocks to about two per cent." A German correspondent of Col. Hodges thus describes the disease and its treatment:—

In this disease the sheep suffer previously internally, with loss of appetite, heaviness and indisposition to move, difficulty of breathing, swelling of and discharge from the eyes, and of a viscous matter from the nose: in from three to five days spots appear on the bare parts of the legs and body, which become large, and form blisters, in the centre of the red circumference of which yellow spots come, and at last fill with yellow matter. If these spots become blue or blackish, they unite, and a thin stinking matter issues from them, which is the height of the disease; but death ensues if the pustules should not come properly out, or should strike in again. The last stage of the disease, when it terminates favorably, is marked by the drying away of the sore, on which a black scurf forms and falls off. The animal has the disease, as with man, only

once: in a flock it is contagious, but not so among cattle. During this disease, good hay, and drinks of a decoction of barley, are good, to which a little common salt may be added. At the commencement of the disease the nose and mouth must be kept clean with vinegar and water; the eyelids are to be often washed with warm milk, and an electuary of three parts flower of brimstone, and one part common salt and honey, is a useful remedy. But I am decidedly of opinion that inoculation of the whole flock the moment the disease shows itself, even in one in the neighborhood, is the only preservative.

And the following account of the disease by Mr. G. Warnecke, a veterinary surgeon of great experience in Hamburg, should be read and remembered by farmers and all other persons who have to do with stock:—

The first symptoms are, that the animal becomes lame or stiff in the hind legs, is uneasy, will not feed, &c.

After this the fever commences with shivering and trembling, with increased heat of the body, but the ears and tail particularly become very red, the nostrils and gums dry and hot; the animal stands with drooping head, and the feet are close together under the belly; it is lame, or halts, particularly with the hind legs; the ears hang, the eye is blood-shot; the fever increases, as also the difficulty of breathing; the animal feeds and ruminates little, or not at all; its dry dung passes in very small hard balls.

Soon after the first attack of fever, there appear on all the bare parts of the body, particularly about the mouth, eyes, and on the inner surface of the leg and belly, and the under part of the tail, numerous small spots like flea bites, which in eight or nine days come more out in small pimples, and in forms like the heads of small pox. As the spots become more numerous, the swelling of the head increases, so much so that the animal can but with difficulty open its mouth and eyes: the lumps that have formed fill, in three or four days later, with a pale, clear, white matter. The pustules now formed are of a good sort, and differ in size up to that of a pea. They are found mostly on the parts of the body with no wool on, but they may even be found under the wool. The malignant pustules are found close together, of a red, violet, blue, blackish, or brown red color, with a blue margin; they are broad, flat, and sunk in, and emit an offensive smell.

The animal stands unsteady, with drooping and swollen head, and closed eye; the nostrils are stopped up with a tough viscous matter, smelling like carrion; it breathes very short, and with difficulty, snorts with open mouth, gnashes its teeth, and its evacuations emit a very offensive odor: in this latter state a cure is not possible.

On the first attack of the common "variola," the animal must be well taken care of, and must not be exposed to cold or wet, and drinks must be administered to it of salts, bitters and spices.

As a preventive, inoculation with healthy matter, if obtainable, is the best, as thereby the inoculated animal throws out only a few of the pustules, the sickness from which it can easily get over, and it is then completely protected from the attacks of the disease.

Let every one watch for the first sign of the disease in his flock, and then have immediate re-

course to inoculation, taking great care to keep the animals during its progress in some place he can afterwards effectually purify. But no man should think of putting newly-bought sheep with the rest of his flock until he has kept them by themselves for several weeks. With anything like *general* care, and honesty amongst farmers, the plague may soon be effectually stayed. As to the means of purification for trucks, carriages, hurdles, pens, and so forth, Mr. Simonds says: "Such carriages should be first thoroughly cleansed with soap and water, and then well washed with either Sir William Burnett's disinfectant solution, or a solution of the chloride of lime, as either of these agents will prevent any injurious results following the use of the trucks, &c., for other sheep."

From the London Morning Chronicle.

THE CHOLERA.

THE unknown must be blended with the terrible to produce the sublimity of fear; traditional impressions of bygone horrors grow weak and faint as contemporary witnesses die away; and an entire nation cannot be thrown into a phrenzied state of alarm in 1848, by precisely the same causes, and in precisely the same manner, as in 1832. The threatened approach of the Asiatic cholera is contemplated with the most perfect calmness, almost amounting to indifference, at this time; and we are far from wishing to disturb an equanimity, which may do something to avert, and a great deal to mitigate the evil. But, at the same time, it is best to familiarize ourselves with its features, however loathsome, and be prepared to recognize and grapple with it from the first hour it manifests itself. The East Indies are its birth and resting place. It broke out in the Delta of the Ganges in 1817, and arrived in England in 1831, occupying sixteen years on the journey. Just sixteen years have elapsed since it disappeared from England, and started fresh from the Bengalese. Its comet-like course, therefore, would seem to be subjected to rules, although these have hitherto baffled science. Nothing can be more irregular than its course. It jumps over enormous spaces, and then retraces its steps, as if to repair the omission. It runs down one bank of a river for several hundred miles, and never touches the other bank. It has dealt the same with streets.

In Paris, it has happened that all the inmates in the upper and lower stories of a house lay dying, whilst not a single persons in the middle stories fell ill. "We have on record (says Colonel Rowles, as quoted in Mr. Challice's pamphlet) an instance of one side of a ship, in the Madras roads, being struck by cholera, while the other side was untouched; nor did the men on the side not attacked by it afterwards suffer, although they attended upon their afflicted companions, and buried them, that is, threw them into the sea, as they successively died." This gentleman adds that the cholera is considered by the native Indian doctors to arise from animal miasma, consisting of

migratory insects, analagous to those known as blights. But this theory has found no favor with the medical men of Europe; who, however, we rejoice to say, have at length decided, by an overwhelming weight of experience and authority, that the disease is not contagious. Science has its heroes as well as war, and its martyrs as well as religion. More than one French physician placed himself in direct contact with a patient in the worst stage, in order to bring the contagion question to the proof.

The first known case in Great Britain broke out in Sunderland, in October, 1831. The disease was not formally announced in London till February, 1832. The greatest number of deaths was in the densely populated quarters near the river; but the average mortality of the metropolis was not much increased, and the bills of mortality lead to the conclusion that the influenza is as destructive in this country as the cholera. The scene of the most fearful ravages of cholera was France, or rather Paris, which it reached on March the 2d, 1832; passing over the intervening localities, and springing from the English to the French capital at a bound.

Both Italian and English literature have drawn freely on the plague. Boccaccio and Manzoni, Defoe, with his graphic details, and "Eothen," with his mocking pathos, have flung an appalling charm over it. But it remained for a French poet, Barthelemy, to personify and poetize the cholera; and for a French historian, M. Louis Blanc, to commemorate its exploits in the loftiest style of history. The chapter devoted to this subject in "The History of the Ten Years," is one of the most eloquent in a work abounding in eloquence. "Terror at first did not seem to keep pace with the danger. The plague had surprised the Parisians in the midst of the festivities of mid-Lent; and the intrepid gayety of the French character seemed at first to brave the destructive malady. The streets and boulevards were thronged with masks as usual; the promenaders mustered in great numbers. People amused themselves with looking at caricatures in the shop-windows, the subject of which was the cholera morbus. The theatres were filled in the evening. There were young men who, in the extravagance of their fool-hardiness, plunged into unusual excesses. Since we are to die to-morrow, they said, let us exhaust all the joys of life to-day. Most of these rash youth passed from the masked ball to the Hotel Dieu, and died before sunset next day." The higher classes were not spared in Paris; and as many of them as could find conveyances took flight. But the royal family set a noble example by remaining; and the heir-apparent, the lamented Duke of Orleans, made a personal tour of inspection through the hospitals. Casimir Perier (the President of the Council) accompanied him, and "this was an incontestible proof of courage on the part of a man who had long carried the seeds of death within him, whose nerves were irritable to excess, and who shuddered at the mere idea of a

coffin." He never recovered from the impression, and he died three weeks afterwards.

There was a period when the deaths in Paris were calculated at 1300 or 1400 a day. Hearses fell short, and recourse was had to artillery wagons. "These having no springs, the violent jolting burst the coffins, the bodies were thrown out, and the pavement was stained with them." The people went mad with terror, believed the wildest fictions, and indulged in the most dreadful atrocities. It was rumored that the deaths were all owing to poison, and that there was no such thing as cholera at all. "Then you might behold all the horrid secrets of modern civilization displayed in the rolling billows of a seething population. From those darksome quarters where misery hides its forgotten head, the capital was suddenly inundated by multitudes of bare-armed men, whose gloomy faces glared with hate. What sought they? What did they demand? They never told this, only they explored the city with prying eyes, and ran about with ferocious mutterings. *Murders soon occurred.*" A Jew was killed because he laughed in a strange manner and carried a packet of white powder (which turned out to be camphor) in his hand. A young man was butchered for looking into a wine-seller's window, and a coal-porter made his dog tear the dead body. Private subscriptions poured in on all sides; every imaginable precaution was taken by the authorities; the medical men made superhuman efforts; but no common method of treatment having been agreed upon, the most opposite systems were pursued, even in the same hospital or the same ward. "The attendants had to execute directly opposite orders for cases perfectly identical: the patient who was dosed with punch, saw ice given to the man in the next bed, and thinking himself used only as a subject for experiments, he died with rage in his heart."

Although no specific has yet been discovered, it seems agreed that the stimulating mode of treatment is the best. Bad or unwholesome food of every sort is mentioned as a predisposing cause to cholera.

From the Spectator.

MONCKTON MILNES' LIFE OF KEATS.

If Jeffrey was correct in asserting that the works of Keats are the best test of a reader's relish of "pure poetry"—that is, as we understand him, poetry in its very essence, apart from the interest of the story, the vivacity of the characters, the weight and force of the maxims, and the embodied wit and humor—then Keats must stand at the very head of all poets, at least of all English poets. It is not the *poetry* of Chaucer or Spenser that encumbers their works for the general reader, but the minute detail and remote fashion of Chaucer, and the allegory and pedantry of Spenser's age, together with the diffuseness of both writers. They themselves intended to found the interest of their poems on story, characters,

sentiments, or wit; and these predominate when they are most successful—as in Chaucer's tales of actual life, and many of the cantos of Spenser where he vivifies allegory. The subject of Beaumont and Fletcher was the drama: their popularity has passed away, not on account of their poetry, which supports their names, but because of the exceptional vices and crimes they selected as subjects for their tragedies; the grossness of incidents, persons, and sentiments in their comedies; and the predominance of temporary fashions and opinions throughout. The only poet who, on the ground assumed by Jeffrey, could rival Keats was Collins; but, except on subjects purely poetical, as in some of his odes, Collins still sought to produce effect by means of things real in themselves—as nature, history, or passion; or real in the mind—as popular superstitions.

But the assertion is not accurate. Keats himself never appears to have dreamed of founding the ideal on anything but the real. He failed, not through his poetry, but through his faults or his defects. His first and most wearying fault was a self-sufficient habit of outpouring. He never seems to have selected his thoughts, or cared for his diction; he labored nothing and finished nothing. The effect of striking pictures, weighty lines, and descriptions at once natural and poetical, is weakened by prosaic expressions, obsolete, half unintelligible words, and silly mannerisms of the Cockney school; or they are overwhelmed by that species of expansion which distinguishes the platform and the pulpit, and consists in running down a theme. Thus, he opens *Endymion* with a line of power—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and then he fills three-and-twenty lines in expounding the text, without making it clearer after all.

Deficiency was the great cause of Keats' imperfect productions and his ill-success. He wanted knowledge of life, of literature, and of poetical art. Some sense of his deficiency, probably, drove him upon mythological subjects for his narrative poems; perhaps on the notion that an exploded superstition, where he could not be tested, would better serve and shield him than any subject that came more within the range of men's experience. But it was a mistake. Mr. Monckton Milnes enforces a common idea, that Keats breathed a new life into classicality: Keats did nothing of the sort, in a classical sense. What he did, and it is deserving of great praise, was to strip heathen mythology of the pedantic formality of poetasters, and endow it with a sort of life by introducing living worshippers, and giving human passions to supernatural beings. The spirit, however, was modern; sometimes of his own age, or rather of his literary school; sometimes imitative of the earlier writers. Spenser is visible in him; the impression of pictures, statues, and we think the conversation of his enthusiastic artist friends—as Haydon—are traceable in his antique descriptions; and in his magic we think we can perceive the influence of the Arabian Nights. But of the

true classical spirit he had not a spark, except occasionally where a distinct conception of nature found vent in weighty words or delicate delineation, which is classicity all the world over.

By choosing mythological subjects, on which his fancy could run riot without being charged with improbability, Keats in some sense escaped the trammels of a human theme. But to escape from a difficulty is not to overcome it; and his deficiencies are visible in spite of his endeavors to evade them. His narrative, especially in *Endymion*, is bad in two points: judged by their own nature and position, the conduct of his persons is inconsistent; the progress of the story is impeded by introductions that contribute nothing to the action, and have no other end than to furnish topics for description, or display the writer's dictionary knowledge of the heathen gods and goddesses. These faults were less visible in his later poems; and he was becoming more artistical, as Mr. Milnes remarks, in avoiding the obvious points of gross affectation and frequent verbosity. Still, had these faults been conquered altogether, mythological subjects are too exploded to admit of a wide or a general interest: they must be false, or they must be heavy; the dead and buried cannot be revived; and of the living Keats had not much knowledge, and did not live in a circle adapted for acquiring it.

But though Keats produced no complete poem, he exhibited a high poetical imagination; not, as Jeffrey seems to mean, a sort of poetical essence too ethereal or imaginative to present anything in nature, but founded altogether on reality. There is a wild freshness in his description of the forest of Latmos, which, if it does not carry us thither, removes us from all common landscapes; not by something dreamy, but by images very distinct. The procession of Endymion and the worshippers to the woodland altar, though rather after Poussin or Poussin's French imitators, is wonderfully distinct as a picture. There is a massy primeval grandeur about Saturn and Thea in *Hyperion*, which, if part of the impression seems to arise from a kind of Egyptian magnitude in size, is unrivalled in its way. Some of his descriptions exhibit great delicacy of touch—as where the smoke of incense from the woodland altar is “a hazy light spread greyly eastward;” some of his sentiments derive truth even from a seeming exaggeration—as when Glaucus, gazing on the Circean transformations, sees “a sight too fearful for the feel of fear;” and we know of nothing in poetry more suggestive of ærial motion than Mercury floating over the woman serpent in *Lamia*.

As Mr. Milnes justly observes, the actual reputation of Keats depends less on what he did than on what he might have done had he lived to develop his genius. It may be doubted whether his constitution or temperament would have admitted of this development. Besides great self-opinion, which he evidently possessed, (as is discernible in his preface to *Endymion*, and is visible throughout his correspondence,) he seems to have had a rest-

less activity joined to an impatience of labor: he would neither keep back what he had written nor revise what he wrote. Both of these results were perhaps owing to physical causes; the last certainly. The seeds of his fatal disorder were in the constitution. One of his brothers had a spitting of blood, and seems to have died of consumption. He himself complained, in 1819, that he was “scarcely content to write the best verse, from the fever they leave behind. I want to compose without this fever; I hope I shall one day.” Once, after meeting Keats near Hampstead, when he was supposed to be in perfect health, Coleridge said to Leigh Hunt, “There is death in that hand,”—judging, we suppose, from the clammy moisture indicative of a consumptive tendency. Mr. Milnes intimates that it requires a peculiar constitution to appreciate *Endymion*: we suspect that a peculiar, not to say a morbid temperament, influenced all that Keats did. We can indeed suppose what he might have done had he been differently constituted; but that would only be supposing him somebody else.

It is now thirty years since Keats first became conspicuous before the world from the attacks of the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*; and twenty-seven since he dictated his epitaph from his deathbed—“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.” The reputation he has attained has perhaps exceeded his dying hopes, and the ideas of his enemies, though the adventitious circumstance of their attacks has somewhat contributed to it; but, be his fame extensive or limited, permanent or doomed to decay, his *Life* and *Letters* have more title to be given to the world than those of many persons that have lately figured in print. Nor, judging from the product, could the subject have been placed in better hands than those of Mr. Monckton Milnes. Mr. Milnes, it is true, had no personal knowledge of Keats, and his work must want those lively delineations of character and manners which can only be derived from actual observation. On the other hand, he has not those temptations to soften the truth into falsehood which personal friendship, hallowed by death, and reminiscences a little dimmed by time, are apt to produce. The best substitute for personal knowledge Mr. Milnes has had in the communications of surviving friends, and in the whole of Keats' extant letters, which those friends have placed at his disposal. But it is his peculiar genius that renders Mr. Milnes so preëminently fitted for a biographer of Keats. His genial good-nature and catholic sympathies enable him to perceive and appreciate the depth of feeling that may lie under weaknesses, affectation, and absurdities of manner, which repel many at the outset. The same disposition mingles with his criticism; inducing him to do full and favorable justice to the character and writings of Keats, without blinding him to their faults; though, true to his genial humanity, we think the poetical criticism of Mr. Milnes is a better specimen of judicial decision than his estimate of the poet's personal character.

The rarest feature of the work, however, is the large and comprehensive spirit which characterizes it. The poetical power of Mr. Milnes is seen, we think, to more advantage in these memoirs than in his poems. Without the slightest trace of poetizing or rhetorical inflation, there is a depth of thought, a vivacity of imagination, and a largeness of grasp, which give to his prose some of the universal character of poetry, without in any way impairing its nature as prose. How much of pregnant closeness there is in the following introductory view of Keats! Speaking generally, it says all that there is to be said.

The biography of a poet can be little better than a comment on his poems, even when itself of long duration, and chequered with strange and various adventures: but these pages concern one whose whole story may be summed up in the composition of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one passion, and a premature death. As men die, so they walk among posterity; and our impression of Keats can only be that of a noble nature perseveringly testing its own powers, of a manly heart bravely surmounting its first hard experience, and of an imagination ready to inundate the world, yet learning to flow within regulated channels and abating its violence without lessening its strength.

It is thus no more than the beginning of a Life which can here be written; and nothing but a conviction of the singularity and greatness of the fragment would justify any one in attempting to draw general attention to its shape and substance. The interest indeed of the poems of Keats has already had much of a personal character; and his early end, like that of Chatterton, (of whom he ever speaks with a sort of prescient sympathy,) has in some degree stood him instead of a fulfilled poetical existence. Ever improving in his art, he gave no reason to believe that his marvellous faculty had anything in common with that lyrical facility which many men have manifested in boyhood or in youth, but which has grown torpid or disappeared altogether with the advance of mature life: in him no one doubts that a true genius was suddenly arrested; and they who will not allow him to have won his place in the first ranks of English poets will not deny the promise of his candidature.

The life of John Keats, as Mr. Milnes has indicated, was uneventful. The future poet was born in 1795; his father was in the employ of Mr. Jennings, a livery-stable-keeper of Moorfields, and attained the romance of industry, by marrying his master's daughter. At about the usual age, John was sent to a school at Enfield, kept by Mr. Clarke, the father of Charles Cowden Clarke. On leaving school, in 1810, he was apprenticed to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon of Edmonton. He remained with him for the usual period of five years; regularly walked the hospitals in London; and, much to the surprise of his medical-student friends, who knew his habits of verse-making and desultory reading, passed his examination at Apothecaries Hall with considerable credit. Keats' old friend, Cowden Clarke, with whom he used to read poetry at school and during his apprenticeship, had introduced him to several literary acquaintances, and in

particular to Leigh Hunt, with whom he soon became intimate. There is some slight obscurity in chronology in this period, Mr. Milnes not being always attentive to dates; but it would seem that about 1817 Keats resolved to abandon his profession, (if he ever practised it,) for poetry. The reason assigned was, that the sense of responsibility in a surgical operation oppressed him: but it is likely his own tastes and the example of his new friends had as much influence as the dread of doing harm to his patients.

About this time, (1817,) Keats, having written verses from boyhood, published his volume of miscellaneous poems; which "dropped still-born from the press." Notwithstanding the equanimity which he claims for himself, and which Mr. Milnes concedes to him, Keats seems to have been sore upon the subject; he attributed the failure to the "inactivity" of his publisher, Mr. Ollier, and thereupon quarrelled with him. Henceforth his life passed (to expand the terms of Mr. Milnes' half sentence) in the enjoyment of friendship, the composition of *Endymion*, *Lamia*, *Hyperion*, and some minor or unpublished poems that appear in the present work; and in the one passion, that, having begun apparently at the first development of his illness, only terminated with his life.

Of the movements, literary habits, and feelings of Keats, we have a full account in these volumes, until the last months of his life, when he became too weak, nervous, and irritable, to write, or, latterly, even to read the letters addressed to him. But of this period a deeply interesting account has been preserved in the communications of Mr. Severn the artist, who accompanied him to Rome, attended him day and night through an illness whose symptoms were trying alike to the patience and the feelings, and that too while the anxieties of the artist's own position were pressing heavily upon him. One or two points of the biography are obscure. In addition to Keats' share of his father's property, which amounted to 2000*l.*, he received 400*l.* on the death of his brother Thomas; and this capital need only have been diminished by the expenses of his medical education; yet, though he lived, to appearance, on a frugal scale, in lodgings, it vanished unaccountably, and he soon got into pecuniary difficulties. He lived but six years altogether after his apprenticeship; by 1819, he determined to resort to periodical writing, which he abhorred, as a means of subsistence; and but for the kindness of the present Sir James Clark (then practising as a physician at Rome) and the devoted friendship of Mr. Severn, the author of *Hyperion* must have shared the fate of many other sons of genius, and died in a hospital. It seems only to have been an opportune remittance (and not the only one) from Mr. Taylor the publisher, that relieved Keats, or rather Severn, from the apprehensions expressed in the following extract.

Torlonia, the banker, has refused us any more money; the bill is returned unaccepted; and tomorrow I must pay my last crown for this cursed

lodging-place; and what is more, if he dies, all the beds and furniture will be burnt and the walls scraped, and they will come on me for a hundred pounds or more! But above all, this noble fellow lying on the bed and without the common spiritual [corporal!] comforts that many a rogue and fool has in his last moments! If I do break down, it will be under this; but I pray that some angel of goodness may yet lead him through this dark wilderness.

If I could leave Keats every day for a time, I could soon raise money by my painting; but he will not let me out of his sight—he will not bear the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money—that would kill him at a word. You see my hopes of being kept by the Royal Academy will be cut off unless I send a picture by the spring. I have written to Sir T. Lawrence. I have got a volume of Jeremy Taylor's works, which Keats has heard me read to-night. This is a treasure indeed, and came when I should have thought it hopeless. Why may not other good things come! I will keep myself up with such hopes. Dr. Clark is still the same, though he knows about the bill; he is afraid the next change will be to diarrhoea. Keats sees all this—his knowledge of anatomy makes every change tenfold worse; every way he is unfortunate, yet every one offers me assistance on his account. He cannot read any letters; he has made me put them by him unopened. They tear him to pieces—he dare not look on the outside of any more; make this known.

Mr. Milnes maintains that the attacks upon Keats had nothing to do with his death. His authority for this conclusion seems to be the letters of Keats; but in a person at once so self-opinioned and so proud as regarded his literature, this is scarcely sufficient evidence. Nobody, we suppose, meant that Keats was killed "out and out" by the *Quarterly*. A "mens sana in corpore sano" is not struck down by paper pellets, especially when annoyance, not truth, is the evident aim. But a nervous temperament, with the germs of disorder strongly developed, might be so excited by mortification, disappointment, and inward anger, as to aggravate disease to a quicker termination. Little more than this, we suppose, was meant; and his brother George, with many of the poet's friends, believed that the attacks upon him produced as much as this. That such might be an exaggerated view we will not dispute; that it had some foundation we believe. His literary sensitiveness was greater than he would willingly own. It has been seen how he tried to put the failure of his first-born upon Mr. Ollier; he was angry that he should be considered a follower of Leigh Hunt in *Endymion*, though his more obvious faults and his outward style are distinctly stamped with that writer's school; he was dissatisfied with Mr. Hunt's private (and it strikes us very just and lenient) criticism on the first part of *Endymion*—attributing it to offended vanity in not having been consulted "officially," [officially!] and on this ground ascribing to Hunt and Shelley a formed resolve to depreciate his poem.

Mr. Milnes observes that two modes were open

to him in composing these memoirs. The first was to consider his materials as entirely at his own disposal, and deal with them artistically, so as principally to consider the literary result. The other was to look upon himself in the light of an editor—print the whole of the correspondence that could properly appear, and merely contribute a narrative that should connect the letters and supply their omissions. The last is the course Mr. Milnes has adopted, on the ground that it gives a fuller view of Keats. This is undoubtedly true; but at Keats' expense. Some of his letters are trivial, and others tedious, from his habit of running everything down though not worth the trouble of the chase; others are distasteful from their narrowness, not to say egotism. No doubt, they present the weaknesses of Keats to the reader; but Mr. Milnes could have impressed them much more briefly. Hence, some of the most interesting parts of the book are supplied by the biographer, except those letters of Keats which refer to his attachment, and the narrative of his journey to Rome and his illness there.

The passion of Keats was returned; the only obstacles appear to have been his circumstances and his health. Keats himself thought that if his means had permitted him to marry, his health would not have given way; but that was probably a delusion of sickness. Till Keats left England, the allusions to this subject are scanty, as he lived in the lady's neighborhood. On his voyage out, and in Italy, we can observe its absorbing nature. He writes as follows to his friend Mr. Brown, from off the Isle of Wight, in 1820:—

I wish to write on subjects that will not agitate me much. There is one I must mention, and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it. The very thing which I want to live most for, will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state! I dare say you will be able to guess on what subject I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house. I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains; and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators; but death is the great divorcer forever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is passed. I often wish for you, that you might flatter me with the best. I think, without my mentioning it, for my sake you would be a friend to Miss ——— when I am dead. You think she has many faults; but for my sake think she has not one.

And again from Naples:—

Naples, Nov. 1, [1820.]

My dear Browne—Yesterday we were let out of quarantine; during which my health suffered more from bad air and the stifled cabin than it had done the whole voyage. The fresh air revived me a little; and I hope I am well enough this morning to write to you a short calm letter—if that can be

called one in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little; perhaps it may relieve the load of wretchedness which presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God, God, God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling-cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her; I see her, I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. This was the case when I was in England; I cannot recollect without shuddering the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. No—O that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her, to see her handwriting, would break my heart—even to hear of her anyhow, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? Where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poste restante*)—if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if—

Remember me to all. I will endeavor to bear my miseries patiently. A person in my state of health should not have such miseries to bear. * * * * My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate forever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George, and his wife, and you, and all!

Your ever affectionate friend,

JOHN KEATS.

These feelings pursued him to the last. Nine days before his death, Mr. Severn writes thus:—

Feb. 14th.—Little or no change has taken place, except this beautiful one, that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace. I find this change has to do with the increasing weakness of his body; but to me it seems like a delightful sleep, I have been beating about in the tempest of his mind so long. To-night he has talked very much, but so easily, that he fell at last into a pleasant sleep. He seems to have happy dreams. This will bring on some change; it cannot be worse—it may be better. Among the many things he has requested of me to-night, this is the principal—that on his gravestone shall be this inscription,

“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”

You will understand this so well that I need not say a word about it.

When he first came here he purchased a copy of “*Alfieri*,” but put it down at the second page, being much affected at the lines

“*Misera me! sollievo a me non resta,
Altro che il pianto, ed il pianto è ailetto!*”

Now that I know so much of his grief, I do not wonder at it.

Such a letter has come! I gave it to Keats supposing it to be one of yours; but it proved sadly otherwise. The glance at that letter tore him to pieces; the effects were on him for many days. He did not read it—he could not—but requested me to place it in his coffin, together with a purse and a letter (unopened) of his sister's; since then he has told me *not* to place that letter in his coffin, only his sister's purse and letter, and some hair. I, however, persuaded him to think otherwise on this point. In his most irritable state he sees a friendless world about him, with everything that his life presents, and especially the kindness of others, tending to his melancholy death. * * *

Feb. 22d.—Oh, how anxious I am to hear from you! [Mr. Haslam.] I have nothing to break this dreadful solitude but letters. Day after day, night after night, here I am by our poor dying friend. My spirits, my intellect, and my health are breaking down. I can get no one to change with me—no one to relieve me. All run away; and even if they did not, Keats would not do without me.

Last night I thought he was going—I could hear the phlegm in his throat; he bade me lift him up in the bed, or he would die with pain. I watched him all night, expecting him to be suffocated at every cough. This morning, by the pale daylight, the change in him frightened me; he had sunk in the last three days to a most ghastly look. Though Dr. Clark has prepared me for the worst, I shall be ill able to bear it. I cannot bear to be set free even from this my horrible situation by the loss of it.

I am still quite precluded from painting; which may be of consequence to me. Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend; he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror; but when they fall upon me they close gently, open quietly, and close again, till he sinks to sleep. This thought alone would keep me by him till he dies; and why did I say I was losing my time? The advantages I have gained by knowing John Keats are double and treble any I could have won by any other occupation. Farewell.

Feb. 27th.—He is gone! He died with the most perfect ease; he seemed to go to sleep. On the 23d, about four, the approaches of death came on. “*Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come.*” I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sunk into death; so quiet, that I still thought he slept! I cannot say more now. I am broken down by four nights' watching; no sleep since, and my poor Keats gone. Three days since the body was opened; the lungs were completely gone. The doctors could not imagine how he had lived these two months. I followed his dear body to the grave on Monday, with many English. They take much care of me here—I must else have gone into a fever. I am better now, but still quite disabled.

The police have been. The furniture, the walls, the floor, must all be destroyed, and changed; but this is well looked to by Dr. Clark.

The letters I placed in the coffin with my own hand.

From the Examiner.

The Discipline of Life. Three vols. Colburn.

THESE volumes declare themselves the work of a female hand, and one in which the sweetness, simplicity, and pathos of the best old English style of narrative seem to us revived. The writer will make herself widely known, and will find loving welcome. There is no merit or hazard in predicting it. Since Miss Austen ceased to write, and Mrs. Marsh began, we have had no other story-telling of its class that we would place upon a level with this, for freshness, straightforwardness, and truth of tone and feeling. Its way to the sympathies is direct, swift, sure. Criticism notices faults of haste and inexperience, but forgets them in the presence of emotion as real as the heart can undergo, or the eye bear silent witness to. There are passages in these stories which even Mrs. Inchbald has hardly surpassed, for the sweet cunning with which the secrets of the female heart are touched and revealed in them.

The book contains three tales, *Isabel Denison*, *A Country Neighborhood*, and *The Moot*. Perhaps better titles for the latter two would have been *Evelyn Villars* and *Sara Woodville*. Female character is the principal theme throughout; and the object of all the stories is to exhibit those trials of the youthful heart and temper, which, with the first harsh experience, bring also the true "discipline of life." The scenes and persons are of that quiet kind which belong to the intercourse of every day, and the sufferings and temptations are those of common existence. But not for this does the writer think lightly of her task. "It is not," she says, in an excellent brief preface from which we passed with greater interest to her book, "because the object is a low one that I would ask indulgence, but rather indulgence for the ambition that attempted anything so high, and forgiveness for having come so far short of it."

The story of *Isabel Denison* is that of a girl who deserts her first engagement, and that of *Evelyn Villars* (the "Country Neighborhood") is a tale of her desertion by the lover to whom she is first engaged. Both are remarkable for beauty and discrimination; in both the pain is so tempered with sweetness that the final impression is pleasurable; but we think the second story strikes the finer chords, and that in character as well as passion it rises to a higher level. But we will mention so much of the incidents in both as may explain a few extracts. The reader will at once see how truthful is the manner of this new writer. There is no declamation in her talk. There is no posture-making or face-making in the persons she introduces. We do not find ourselves in the painting-room or the wardrobe of a theatre, but among actual people, with pulses beating like our own.

Here is the scene where *Isabel Denison*, doubtful of the strength of the feeling which has newly risen in her heart, yet suffers herself to yield to

the engagement which costs her afterwards so much sorrow. Herbert Grey is a young man of family whom a disappointment already experienced in love has driven into the church. He is the curate of the quiet country village in which Isabel has passed her orphan-hood, and from which she has not yet peeped out into the world beyond.

At length he began. The tone of his voice told her at once what was coming; and why did her heart sink, and her pulse almost stand still within her? Did she, or did she not, love Herbert Grey?

"It is now more than three weeks since I promised that I would tell you my sad history, when you asked me for it. Has all interest died away within you? Shall you never think about it again?"

"If it is so painful," Isabel began, with hesitation.—

"It is painful," he interrupted; "painful and sad; but is this the reason for your silence?—is it not rather that you shrink from the condition I affixed?"

Isabel was silent.

"Isabel," he continued, "why don't you answer me? But it is too late now to wait for an answer—you know, you must know well, how wildly, how passionately I love you; and you must hear me speak, and then—" He paused, and looked in her face. It was white as marble. "Forgive me, Miss Denison, I have been very wrong. I will tell you all calmly, if you will hear me. Will you hear me now, or shall it be for another time?"

It was really an effort to her to speak, but she did speak, and begged him to tell her all. He began again, in a low but calm voice.

"I have loved, Miss Denison, before now. Do not start," he said, observing a movement which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart, as he fancied it might be a pang of jealousy. "I thought at that time that I loved as few could love, but now I find that even I knew it not."

With breathless interest Isabel listened to the tale he told—the tale of his love, of his hope, of his agony when forsaken. Breathless, agitated, she listened still, when he ended thus:—

"It was no light thing to suffer this, the disappointment of every hope; but the suffering itself was as nothing in comparison to the blight it cast upon me; the doubt in the truth of every human being under which I have now suffered for many years. Even you, Miss Denison, in whose face truth and purity are written—even you at first I doubted. But it is passed—it is all passed. In your presence, better feelings have come back to me; and never, even under disappointment, will they leave me again. And now you know all, and all my happiness is in your hands." He tried to speak calmly, and paused as again he became agitated.

Isabel was silent still. If she could have known what her silence cost him, she would have spoken at once; but she dreamed not of the powerful emotions which were stirring in his breast. Her own heart beat, indeed, but it was with doubt, with fear, with bashfulness, with excitement; she hung on his words as if happiness or misery, almost life or death, were in the balance.

He still tried to be calm, but the words burst from him, "Oh, Isabel! speak to me. Do not fear to tell me the truth. If you cannot love me, if you cannot even hope to love me, doubtless I

shall find strength to bear it; only speak to me but one word!"

"I did not speak," she said at last, in her low, sweet tone, "because I could not. I did not know if my love was worthy of yours. I hardly know now. It is not like yours; it is not enough; but—I think—" The words died away, but she looked up at him and smiled, and placed her hand in his.

They reached the cottage. "May I come in?" asked Herbert.

"No, not to-night. To-morrow, as early as you please."

Isabel walked into the drawing-room, where Rachel sat alone. She put her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissed her. "Shall you like me to leave you, aunt Rachel?"

"Oh, Isabel! Is it so, indeed? Even I did not know what you felt for Mr. Grey."

"Nor did I know; nor do I know now; only I think I am happy—very happy."

Soon after this, however, Isabel's father (by whom her mother had been deserted before her birth) sends to claim her; she joins him in London, and, in the larger experience of life and her own heart which awaits her there, discovers that she had not loved Herbert Grey. This discovery is exquisitely managed, so that we never lose respect or sympathy for her. It should be said that Herbert had released her from their engagement on learning her new fortune; and though she at first unwillingly consents to this, she ultimately accepts it for the space of a year. Before the year is over, she returns to her early home, and in a brief sad scene tells Herbert that her heart has been false to him. He comes back to her in the evening of that day, having subdued his first terrible emotion.

Isabel sat in the same place, in the bright twilight of that evening, awaiting Herbert's return. The hours had passed—how she knew not; she was too wretched even to think. And again he stood before her, and, as he took her hand, he smiled upon her. Though he tried, however, to the uttermost, he could not efface the marks which the struggles of the day had left upon his face, and she shuddered as she saw the deadly paleness of his cheek.

"Oh, Herbert! why do you smile—why do you look so kindly at me? I should not be so miserable if you would but reproach me."

"I have nothing to reproach you with, dearest Isabel. You chose me in comparative solitude, when you had seen none but me; I knew it would be thus when you met with others more worthy of you. I would have made you happy—I must have made you happy, if—" he paused, for he feared to say anything that might wound her—"if I had been allowed to do so; but my best, my only wish is for your happiness. Selfish thoughts will intrude; but, believe me, dearest Isabel, if you are happy, I shall be happy, too."

"I cannot bear this," said Isabel, rising hastily from the place where she sat, and walking to the window. "You make me feel so utterly—utterly selfish!"

As she stood there, thoughts of yielding—of sacrificing herself—passed quickly through her mind. What sorrow in the world could be greater than that which she felt in that moment! She threw

open the window wider, and gazed on the rays of lingering sunshine still streaking the sky, while the evening air blew calmly and freshly upon her face; and, as she gazed, a sunshine on the sea, and a breeze from the ocean, came into her mind, and Clarence—Clarence—

She walked back to the sofa. "Oh! Herbert!" she said, as she sat down again, with an expression of hopeless sorrow, "you do not know how miserable I am."

He had not moved—he almost started now. "If it is about me, Isabel, be miserable no more. If it is about another—will you not tell me all, dearest? I would assist you, or I would comfort you. Will you tell me who is so happy?" he asked, in a voice which trembled in spite of himself.

"No matter who; he is not happy—he is gone far, far away."

"Gone!" and a flash of hope, sharp and agonizing as despair, so wild, so short its gleam, shot through his breast.

"You did not think I had forsaken you, and was going to marry another, Herbert? No, whatever I may be, not so false, not so heartless as that. No," she continued, rising again, and standing before him; "I do not acknowledge myself to be free—bound to you, Herbert, by every tie of honor and gratitude; and yet it is to you yourself that I come to confess my love for another, and to ask you to forgive and to release me. Hear me, Herbert, hear me," she continued, "I love him, even as I think you love me. I am in your hands—I will do whatever you command me." As she spoke, as if by an impulse she could not resist, with her arms crossed and her head sunk, she knelt at his feet.

For a moment he did not attempt to answer her—he did not raise her from the ground; for a moment he pressed his hand to his throbbing brow to still the tumult of his thoughts; for, in that hour of faithlessness, and even with the confession of it upon her lips, he felt that she was dearer, far dearer than ever. Then, in the dead silence of the room, sweet and clear his answer came, and, as it rose above her head, it sounded to her ears as the voice of an angel.

"I thank you, Isabel, I thank you for your confidence, your openness, your truth; the world can never be dark to me while such as you inhabit it. You are free, if indeed you wait my words to release you, and may God give you happiness! You have my forgiveness, dearest, though you need it not, for I have nothing to forgive; and, while life endures," he continued, in a voice still clear, though it began to tremble, "you shall have my prayers and my blessing. Take it," he said, and, rising, and gently laying his hand upon her bended head, he spoke the words of peace and blessing, which, before now, have stilled many a tried and broken heart.

As he concluded, he turned to go abruptly, for he felt as if a parting he could not endure. But Isabel stopped him in the doorway.

"I will not detain you, Herbert," she said, gently and humbly, "only I would tell you—I must tell you—how I thank you and bless you." As she spoke, she took his burning hand in her cold grasp. He cast upon her one last long look, and was gone. As the door closed, and the excitement passed, Isabel fell lifeless on the ground.

Isabel marries the man she loves, and at his own request the service is read by Herbert Grey.

Once only, the voice of Herbert had faltered. It was when he guided the lips of Clarence to take her "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death should them part." Perhaps the time had been when, in his lonely wanderings, his own heart had addressed her in those beautiful and touching words.

The service was over. They returned to the vestry, and the names were signed. Herbert and Isabel stood side by side, but no word was spoken between them. From the great crowd without, there was a delay in the appearance of the carriage. Mr. Denison forced his daughter to sit down, but placed her near the door, that she might be ready.

Her husband approached her. "The carriage is come: will you go now, Isabel!" For a moment his eye wandered to the figure of Herbert, who still stood motionless where the signatures had been made. He longed to speak one word of kindness, but even kindness a happy rival dares not show, and he turned again to Isabel.

She got up; then, with a hurried step, went to Herbert's side.

"Herbert," she said, in a voice so low, that it reached none but him, and she raised her imploring eyes to his face.

Once more he controlled, with a violent effort, the emotion that was beating so fearfully in his heart. He took her hand in both of his, and, as his lips murmured a blessing, he smiled—and it was the memory of that calm, sweet, angel smile, that went with her, a blessing upon her way.

The writer bestows so much pains upon her leading characters that her space hardly enables her to do much justice to the rest. But Aunt Rachel is a nicely-drawn sketch; and in the Miss Chapmans, Miss Bridges, and other tattling folk of a little country town, there is lively observation, and now and then very humorous strokes of character. We particularly like Miss Chapman when she marries, and has a child, and falls quite in love with her "young monster."

The story of Evelyn Villars, as we have said, is of yet higher mark. There is something in the idea of her fresh, free, innocent, cheerful spirit at the opening of the story, which reminds us of those pictures of the heart Mrs. Inchbald most loved to draw—and which those who know her *Nature and Art*, *To Marry or Not to Marry*, and *Child of Nature*, will lovingly remember. Here is one of the early scenes in which she appears with a certain Miss Law, who for her fine pretentious speeches and clever intellectual airs is the exact opposite of Evelyn.

"Admirable, Lavinia!" cried Bob Law; "what a thing it is to have a head! I suppose ladies can think of anything; I dare say you would have been just as ready, Miss Villars."

"No, indeed," said Evelyn; "if I had thought all night, I should never have thought of all that."

"Ah, well then, we should do to live together. Lavinia has such a head, she is always reading and quoting poetry, and all that sort of thing."

As the party were dispersing, and Mr. Villars was having a few more words on business with Mr. Wingfield and another gentleman, Colonel Maxwell again approached Evelyn.

"You think you would not have been able to speak as well as Miss Law?" he said.

"No, indeed; though I am afraid I do sometimes talk a great deal too much, still, if there is any reason to speak, or if I wish to say something really nice, I never can think of a word."

"And you thought Miss Law's speech really nice, did you?"

"Oh! no," said Evelyn, hastily, "I did not like it at all. Do you think I ought to have liked it?"

Colonel Maxwell smiled, but made no answer.

"The fact is," she continued, "that I don't like Miss Law, which I dare say is very ill-natured, but I can't help it, and so I never like anything she does."

"Satirical, Miss Villars: I did not expect that of you—I thought you were such a good-natured person that you would like everybody."

Evelyn put up her eyes with a look of surprise that was common to her, and which had a pretty and piquant expression in her bright countenance.

"Oh! how unlike me!" she said; "I am afraid, on the contrary, that I am very ill-natured, for I don't at all like everybody. People must be really nice to please me."

"I hope you think me 'really nice,'" said Colonel Maxwell, laughing.

She only smiled her reply, as Bob Law offered her his arm, to take her down to the carriage.

She loves Colonel Maxwell, whose weak but not ungenerous character is excellently drawn out in brief but happy touches, and who engages himself to her. There is a most beautiful scene immediately after she is made conscious of his affection, which we cannot resist quoting, though we do it little justice by separating it from its context. She runs into the room of Juliet Harcourt, a child who plays an important part in the story. Mr. Harcourt, still a young man though a widower, passionately loves this child, the fruit of a most unhappy marriage, and evidently, to all but himself and such happy unconsciousness as Evelyn's, doomed to an early death.

"I am not come to disturb you, Juliet," said Evelyn; "pray go on with your writing; but I wanted to think, and I always think I think better in this room than in any other."

She took her embroidery-frame, and sat down in the window-seat, but thinking deepened her feeling, and soon, her needle falling from her hand, her eyes wandering over the woods and fields seen from the window, she sunk into a fit of abstraction very unusual to her.

Her reverie was so deep and earnest, that she did not hear the door open as Mr. Harcourt came in. He stood, when he saw her absent look, and watched her in silence for some minutes, and a strange expression passed over his face—then, moving hastily forward, he came to her side.

"Evelyn," he said to her kindly, and there was sympathy and pity in his voice.

She understood him, looked up with a momentary blush, then seized her needle, and began to work.

"You are not unhappy, Evelyn! only tell me that," he said, in an anxious manner.

"Oh, no! very happy," she replied, without raising her head.

Mr. Harcourt was puzzled; for a moment he

thought he had been mistaken in the signs he fancied he knew so well—while he still stood silent, with his earnest eyes fixed upon her downcast face, Evelyn looked up again, and, with a strange mixture of shyness and simplicity, began—

"You are always so very kind to me, Mr. Harcourt, that I will not let you puzzle about me—you think I am sorry that Colonel Maxwell is gone—I am; but see, he will come again—" and, with her eyes sparkling, and her cheek glowing, she touched the ring on her finger. Mr. Harcourt recognized it at once.

"Ah! is it so indeed!" he said, and smiled; then, kindly taking her hand, continued, "May you be happy, dear Evelyn. I trust you will be happy. I think you will. I will not say," he continued, looking at her with a fond and fatherly smile, "that I think Colonel Maxwell is worthy of you; for I will praise you for once, Evelyn; but I think he will make you happy. I think he loves you." Evelyn looked up, with tears in her eyes, to thank him. "And when was this?" he asked.

"This morning," Evelyn replied; "though he was so unhappy, he thought of me even then.—I don't quite know," she continued, "what I ought to do; I don't think I ought to say anything about it; only, that as he asked me to wear this ring, I think I ought, perhaps, to ask papa to allow me to do it. What do you think? If you think it would be right, dear Mr. Harcourt, I can speak so much better to you, would you be so very kind as to ask him for me; and just to say that I was frightened to ask him myself."

"Willingly, dear Evelyn; that or anything else you wish."

"Thank you very much," she said. "And now, please don't ever say anything more about it, unless I get a little tired of not talking to anybody—because I don't quite think I ought."—As she spoke, she got up, and took her work-frame in her arms—"Ah, Juliet," she said, smiling, "I forgot you quite—and have you heard all I said? But never mind," she added, as she bent and kissed her, and then left the room.

Mr. Harcourt still stood by the window. Juliet looked anxiously at his thoughtful appearance; then, climbing upon a chair near him, she threw her arms round his neck—"Are you sorry, papa?" she asked.

Mr. Harcourt looked at her seriously and surprised. "Why, Juliet, should I be sorry?"

Juliet blushed slightly, and said nothing.

The reader will better appreciate the beauty and pathos of this scene when we add that Mr. Harcourt, who has most anxiously promoted the attentions of Colonel Maxwell, is himself in love with Evelyn, though his secret is unknown to all but his daughter.

Colonel Maxwell is unfaithful, and marries an old schoolfellow and playfellow of Evelyn's in Italy. The effect of this sorrow in chastening and deepening her character, is the object of the tale. But we shall not pursue it by extract, which would convey nothing of the subtle and refined texture, and really tragic pathos, which we have found in this interesting story. Suffice it to say that justice is done to all—to Colonel Maxwell in the mingled cup of joy and misery which is filled for him to overflowing, and to Evelyn in

the calmer and fuller quiet of a more thoughtful and complete affection. She marries Mr. Harcourt before Juliet dies.

Before we close the volumes, however, let us take one more scene, which we may quote with less reference to the connected incidents of the tale than to its charming development of Evelyn's character. A young man, who has long been her intimate friend, and who had before confessed to her that he was in love with Clarice, (whom Colonel Maxwell had married,) suddenly proposes to her. It is before she is conscious of Mr. Harcourt's love, and when she has been thinking that she shall never find any one to care for her.

It was a soft, mild day—a pause after a storm—and, as the whole party walked home from church, the sun was shining with almost the warmth of summer. As they were entering the house, Henry Egerton pulled Evelyn back into the garden.

"It is a shame to go in, Evelyn; come and walk with me."

She complied, and they walked along, but, unusually for Henry, in silence.

Suddenly, he looked at her with a kind of smile. "I wish you would be my wife, Evelyn!"

She started with wonder.

"I mean what I say, Evelyn; I wish you would be my wife!" and he looked anxiously, earnestly, in her face.

"Are you gone quite mad, Henry!" exclaimed Evelyn, looking up in great astonishment.

"Why should I be mad! Ah! I see how it is, Evelyn; you don't believe me, because I don't make speeches and rant about love; but I never shall do that again—I did it once. But, dear Evelyn, I really love you better than anybody in the world—better than my mother—better, far better, than Clarice, and I wish you would be my wife; we would be very happy."

"I am very sorry, Henry," said Evelyn, "indeed I am; but I really don't love you well enough."

"Oh, yes, you do! You know me better than anybody, and you know that I have loved you all my life; and I know you, and I know that you are the best and nicest girl in the world, and this is a great deal better than nonsense about love. Dear Evelyn, it would make me so very happy."

For a moment, a strong temptation came over Evelyn to say Yes. She had so wished, so longed, that somebody should love her, and care for her, that she scarcely could resist the tone of tenderness in which he addressed her. But it was but a moment; her heart was so clear and simple, and its impulses so true, that she was rarely led astray. She knew that she did love Henry better than almost any one, but she felt that she could love much more, and felt, too, that her own restless heart required something far different from Henry to lean upon.

He watched her debate anxiously; it was but a few moments, and then she spoke decidedly.

"No, Henry, I must not say Yes. I do love you better than almost any one, but I don't love you enough for *that*, and never can. I am very sorry, dear Henry, and I feel so very, very grateful to you for thinking of me, and it has made me quite happy to think that any one could really care for me." And tears came into her eyes; "but I could not marry you—I ought not."

"You don't mean to say, Evelyn, that you are going to live single for that fellow Maxwell's sake?"

"Henry!" said Evelyn, indignantly, "you do not suppose that I am so wicked as to think of him now;—oh! no," she continued, with her simple manner, "I hope I shall marry some day, because I should like very much to have somebody who would really care for me; but then I must love and respect before I can marry."

"And I suppose you mean to say that you don't respect me?"

"No, Henry, not very much," she said, with an affectionate smile.

"Well, Evelyn, you may be right, and I don't love you the less for what you have said, for indeed I do love you, dear Evelyn. I like your truth and your openness; one may always depend upon you. But it can't be helped; we must try and be happy as we were before. Come along, there's the luncheon-bell, I suppose we had better go in." And they walked amicably together into the dining-room.

We remember nothing more easy, unaffected, or natural than this, in the writings of our most favorite story-tellers.

We have exceeded our limits, or we might have spoken of many admirable qualities in the third and concluding tale. There is less harmony and keeping about it than in the other two, and some points of character strike us as rather strained. We should suspect it, though standing last, to be the earliest production in the volumes. But the happy art of seizing and retaining the reader's attention is here equally manifest; and the pure womanly aim, the thoughtful purpose, and high moral tone, are as strikingly developed.

From the Spectator.

KATE WALSHINGHAM.

It does not appear very clearly from the title-page whether this novel is written by the editor of "The Grandfather," or by the late Miss Pickering, or whether both are one. The book bears internal evidence of being by Miss Pickering. She possessed sufficient literature; she was well versed in the arts of fictitious effect—the "business" and "situations" as it were of the circulating library; and her observation of character, especially of female character, had been close if not extensive. Her ideas of the governing events of life, however, were false or feeble; either drawn from fictions of the common class, or she attributed to incidents that had fallen under her own observation an influence they were unlikely to possess, or engrafted on them a weight they were unable to bear. Hence, her fictions, though pleasant reading, never rose much above the common circulating library novel; they could not as actual delineations of society be placed on a par with the best of Mrs. Grey even; and she never, that we know of, hit by accident upon some moral principle or lesson of life, the leading idea of which, if steadily adhered to, may produce an effect in despite of any errors of detail.

Kate Walsingham is a novel of the stamp we have indicated. The composition is good; the narrative is clear and flowing; and many of the persons have nature about them; but it is a common sort of nature—we meet such people every day and anywhere. They have hardly character enough for a magazine "sketch;" when put into a three-volume fiction, they want strength to sustain the requisite interest; so that, to speak plainly, the young are juvenile and the old decrepid. One might as well try to make a novel out of any collection of persons in a parlor or drawing-room, by learning the story of the most romantic among them and taking the others as surrounding planets.

There are two or three love stories in the book; but the main interest is sought to be fixed upon Kate Walsingham, the heroine; and she appears to have been designed to illustrate the disadvantages of genius to a female. This, however, is not very aptly done. We do not see that Kate has genius enough to "point the moral," even if she "adorns the tale;" but the incident that produces the denouement is hardly sufficient for its purpose. We do not mean that in life slight events may not influence the fortunes of individuals, just as a very trifling accident may kill them; but that these are not sufficiently general for fiction. Kate is betrothed to a rather disagreeable Byronic sort of personage, high Raymond Berrington; whose wayward and suspicious ill-temper and ill-breeding cause distress for a couple of volumes, partly arising, it would appear, from his disliking female wits. After the course of Kate's true love has been duly ruffled in this way, Mr. Berrington, in a luckless moment, is incited to start as a parliamentary candidate; but, though a very extraordinary person, he is deficient in what so many senators have too much of, "the gift of the gab." Struck dumb upon the hustings the first day, his silence is attributed to illness; in the interim Kate writes a speech for him, which turns the tables in his favor. His mother discovers the fact; writes jestingly about it to her intended daughter-in-law; misdirects the letter to a mischief-making Lady Rathallen, by whose means an exposure takes place; and Mr. Berrington comes in a towering passion to break off the engagement.

In the midst of their mirth the servant entered to say that Mr. Berrington was below, and wished to speak to Miss Walsingham, but he would not detain her above a few moments.

"Do not go," said Catherine to her friend; "I have so much to say to you—so much to arrange—I shall be back almost directly."

Isabel smiled; she could pretty well guess from experience what Raymond's few moments and her directly meant; but, not being in a very great hurry to return home, she promised to wait for her if she was not really gone too long.

Raymond Berrington was pacing up and down the room with hasty strides and a hurried and unequal step, but he paused suddenly at her entrance; and Catherine started back with a slight scream at

sight of his pale colorless features and gleaming eyes.

"Good heavens! what has happened!"

"Nothing new—nothing but what I have expected from the very beginning. The curse of your genius has fallen upon me at last—and I have come to bid you farewell forever."

"Raymond!—oh God! it must be a dream!" murmured the poor girl.

"Yes, it will seem so to you; and you will write upon it so touchingly that the world will thrill, and wonder at such deep pathos, such rare eloquence; and pity you for the strange destiny that linked your fate with mine. There will be abundance of themes for poetry in the past; more especially the burlesque, if you have any talent that way."

"He must be mad!" thought Catherine, shrinking from those glittering eyes.

"It is a pity," continued her companion, more wildly, "that you were not an eye-witness of the scene of to-day; the description would have been more graphic—more vivid! But nevertheless, there is no fear there will be wanting people to describe it to you—to exult in your triumph—the triumph of your high intellect!—even though it should be founded on the ruin and disgrace of him whom in a few hours more you would have sworn, with false and lying lips, to love and honor. Pshaw! what! honor him whose name you have made a by-word and a scorn for evermore!"

"Raymond!" exclaimed Catherine, "speak to me—speak plainly—what fearful mystery is this?"

"No mystery—no secret now, but the common talk of the town—nay, by this time all D—— is ringing with the strange news. But you need not turn so pale; for every sneer uttered against my name will be mingled with praises of the rare and versatile genius of her who, serpent-like, first deceived and then betrayed me! Oh Catherine! was there no other pathway to fame—to popularity—but over the ruins of a heart that loved and trusted you!"

He sat down and covered his face with his hands; while the fearful truth burst slowly over the mind of his horror-stricken companion. It mattered not how this had got abroad—he was lost to her forever! as he had said, the curse of her genius had fallen upon them both. A faintness, even unto death, crept over her whole frame; but she endeavored to arouse herself—they must not part thus in bitterness and anger. If he could only be brought to forgive her—to say that he believed her innocent, then Heaven would give her strength to bear the rest. And, kneeling down by his side, she tried to speak calmly—to still the wild beating of her throbbing temples—to collect her wandering thoughts. But no words came, only tears; burning, irrepresible tears, that saved her heart from breaking.

"I believe," continued Berrington, in the same tone, "that this disclosure is somewhat premature and unexpected; that you had not thought it would have reached my ears so soon—perhaps not until after the wedding to-morrow. But I cannot be too thankful for my escape. And yet it seems, as you say, like a dream, to remember how you looked and spoke and smiled on that night, beguiling me to my doom!"

"Heaven is my witness," said Catherine, in a broken voice, "that no syllable of what passed then has ever been breathed by me to a single living soul."

"Pshaw! why seek to deny a plain and palpable

fact! Rather exult and glory in the triumph you have achieved."

"Nay, hear me, Raymond; for I swear it by all I hold dear on earth! by my hope of heaven!—Not even to your mother."

"Did I, then, think you, take the trouble to proclaim my own disgrace! If only we two knew of the occurrences of that night, one must have revealed them."

"But the paper," continued Catherine, clinging in her agony and despair to a straw, "the paper upon which I wrote, could it have been found, and my hand-writing recognized?"

"Impossible, since I burnt it to ashes before I retired to rest."

"Are you sure—quite sure—every little bit?"

Raymond turned away from her appealing glance with a fierce, impatient gesture.

"O, leave me not thus! Think for me—think for us both—how this could have come about. Indeed, indeed, I betrayed you not."

"Nay, it was but natural, after all, that you should boast of what you had done; should tell it in confidence to some dear familiar friend—to De Lyle, perhaps—not intending, for your own sake, that it should get blazoned forth to the world, lest you might have to blush for me—for your husband."

He arose up tottering and feeble.

"Raymond!" exclaimed the girl despairingly, "O, let us not part in anger—forgive me! pity me."

"Then you confess that it is as I have said?"

"No, I deny it; and would with my latest breath. And you believe me! O say that you believe me! Look not on me thus—I feel that we must part, but let it be in kindness."

"Now this is mockery!" said Berrington, struggling to free himself from her detaining grasp.

"Raymond, I confess that I have been to blame; that it is all my own fault. I was too ambitious; but it was for you. I should never have written again: I had been warned—I promised that I would not; but it was for you—for you. O God! I am bitterly punished."

Berrington felt his strength failing him, and the hand she held in hers trembled strangely; but it was from weakness of body, rather than any wavering of that stern and iron heart.

"My father!" continued Catherine; "what shall I say to him? To Walter? Must all be known?"

"Everything; and De Lyle will curse me, as he did once before. And then there will be a duel, as there should be in all romances—should there not?"

The girl clasped her hands wildly together, and groaned aloud in her agony, while Berrington moved hastily towards the door.

"Raymond!" exclaimed she, springing forward, and forgetting all but her love and care at sight of his feebleness, "you must not walk home."

"What! you fear that the very boys in the street might hoot at me?"

"No, only lest you should be taken ill."

"Rather pray that I may die!"

"Not you; may you be happier than I could ever have rendered you: but for me, I care not how soon it may please Heaven in its mercy to take me to itself."

"These passionate complaints will sound marvellously well in poetry," said her companion mockingly; "and with a little care, may be turned to good account. What says your favorite author of such griefs? It was only last night we were reading it—"

"Into work the poet kneads them,—
And he does not die till then!"

Catherine lifted up her large eyes to his face, full of gentle pleading; but there was no reproach in them. Her words, could she have spoken, would have been loving still; but speech seemed denied her; and he passed away and left her thus.

After deep distress and the development of consumption in Raymond, his mother steels herself to confess the truth; the lovers are reconciled on the Byronic hero's deathbed; and Kate survives, to exhibit the moral of resignation and single-blessedness, though an old lover is sighing for her.

From Cist's Advertiser of Cincinnati.

NEW YORK AND CINCINNATI.

FEW persons, even among our own citizens, entertain adequate notions respecting the extent and magnitude of western business. If I were to assert that the exports of Cincinnati surpassed those of New York, I should startle even intelligent persons here, and incur ridicule elsewhere, if the assertion were left without its proper evidence. The proof is as easily made, however, as the statement. The exports of New York, in 1847, amounted to \$52,879,274. This exceeded the exports of 1846 by sixteen millions, and the exports of 1846 exceeded those of any previous year.

The exports of Cincinnati for 1847, which was the first year during which any register of exports was kept, were in value \$55,735,252, being an excess over those of New York amounting to nearly three millions of dollars. I might insist on a still greater disparity being exhibited, in the fact, that over five millions of dollars of the New York exports consisted of specie, an article in no degree an industrial product, and whose export, in fact, ought to be deducted from the business operations of New York, rather than be permitted to swell their amount.

These statistics serve distinctly to show the vast superiority of interior to foreign commerce, as a means of adding to the wealth of any community. The probability is that five times the amount of productive industry was sustained in our shipments over theirs—the great body of their exports being merely forwarding of the products of the west.

We give place to the above extract as one eminently fitted to arrest attention. We have not examined the figures, nor is it material, so far as the mere fact is concerned, of the greater amount of exports from this city or Cincinnati.

But that there should be any means of comparison at all is the startling, and, let us add, the gratifying fact, that a city like Cincinnati, which has sprung into being within the memory of living men, covering with its populous streets and firm-set mansions, and storehouses, and school-houses and churches—a region reclaimed from the savage within comparatively few years—should be already competing in trade with New York—the Queen of the Seas—among the earliest settlements of Europeans upon our shores—a city in short, of quite respectable antiquity in this New World, and as is commonly thought of a good deal of commercial activity, enterprise and wealth—this

it is, indeed, which may justly arrest one's attention, and serve to prove that even exaggeration in the estimates of the growth and progress of this country, can hardly keep pace with reality.

Another consideration is forcibly suggested by this comparison—that Mr. Polk, and his school of politicalism, and Gen. Cass too, who promises that, if elected, he will continue the system of the present administration—while admitting that the constitution of the United States authorizes the appropriation of the public treasure, to promote, facilitate, and render more secure, our foreign commerce, and consequently with that view to deepen harbors, construct breakwaters, erect light-houses, public piers, &c., on the sea board—yet pertinaciously deny that the same objects can be constitutionally undertaken and accomplished for internal commerce—so that the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the lakes, which bear upon their bosom annual exports from Cincinnati alone, to the amount of *fifty-five millions* of dollars, may not be rendered less dangerous to navigation, at the cost of the common treasury!

The mere statement of such a distinction is sufficient, at all times, to prove its absurdity—but when this absurdity is put in still bolder relief by such a fact, as in the above comparison between the trade of New York and Cincinnati, one may hope that even the blindness of party, and the narrowness of the Baltimore platform, will be made to give way to common sense, common justice, and the common welfare.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Sabbath Scripture Readings. By the late Dr. CHALMERS. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A VOLUME of the posthumous works of this distinguished divine and philosopher. These "Sabbath Readings," it will be remembered, were the private remarks and annotations of the author, and were never by him designed to meet the public eye; they will be regarded as peculiarly interesting, therefore, as indicative of his most retired religious meditations and devotions. They will form two volumes; the first, now before us, being devoted exclusively to the New Testament.

Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics. New York: Greeley & McElrath.

WE have noticed the successive numbers of this work as they have appeared. The entire treatise is now completed, forming a handsome octavo volume. We are free to say that a more instructive and entertaining volume has rarely if ever been issued from the American press. There is scarcely a subject connected with hydraulics or the mechanic arts, from the remotest ages to the present time, that is not illustrated, by both author and engraver, in the volume; and the descriptions and explanations, drawn from ancient and modern sources inaccessible to the general reader, are written in a very popular and pleasant vein. Mr. Ewbank has given us a "treasury of knowledge" on these subjects, of incalculable use to the professed mechanician, and to the general reader really of more absorbing interest than many books having a more captivating title.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

VERSICLES

(FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS ONLY) ON AN INFANT DAUGHTER'S FIRST WALKING.

BY JAMES GREGOR GRANT.

HA! ambitious little elf!
 Off by thy adventurous self!
 Fairly off! O fair betide thee!
 With no living thing beside thee;
 Not a leading string to guide thee;
 Not a chair to creep or crawl by;
 Not a cushioned stool to fall by;
 Not a finger tip to catch at;
 Not a sleeve or skirt to snatch at;
 Fairly off at length to sea,
 Full twelve inches (can it be
 Really, truly!) from the lee
 Of mamma's protecting knee!

Fair and softly—soft and fairly—
 Little bark, thou sail'st it rarely,
 In thy new-born power and pride,
 O'er the carpet's level tide,
 Lurching, though, from side to side,
 Ever and anon, and heeling
 Like a tipsy cherub reeling,
 (If e'en cherubs, saucy gypsy!)
 Smile like thee, or e'er get tipsy!)
 Even as though yon dancing mote
 In the sunny air afloat,
 Or the merest breath that met thee,
 Might suffice to upset thee!

Helm a-weather! steady, steady!
 Nay, the danger's past already;
 Thou, with gentle course, untroubled,
 Table-Cape full well hast doubled,
 Sofa-Point hast shot a-head,
 Safe by Footstool Island sped,
 And art steering well and truly
 On for Closet-Harbor duly!

Anchor now, or turn in time,
 Ere within the torrid clime
 Which the tropic fender bounds,
 And with brazen zone surrounds;
 Turn thee, weary little vessel,
 Nor with further perils wrestle;
 Turn thee to refit awhile
 In the sweetly sheltering smile
 Of thine own Maternal Isle—
 In the haven of dear rest
 Proffered by the doating breast
 And the ever ready knee
 Of a mother true to thee
 As the best of mothers be!

Nay! adventurous little ship!
 If thine anchor's still a-trip,
 And, instead of port, you choose
 Such another toilsome cruise,
 Whereso'er the whim may lead thee,
 On! my treasure! and God speed thee!
 Hackneyed as, perchance, they be,
 Solemn words are these to me,
 Nor from an irreverent lip
 Heedlessly or lightly slip:
 Even HE whose name I take
 Thus, my dear one, for thy sake,
 In this seeming idle strain,
 Knows I take it not "in vain,"
 But as in a parent's prayer
 Unto HIM, to bless and spare!

DREADFUL HURRICANE.—On the night of the 18th August, about one thousand boats, each manned by five fishermen, left the various ports of the coast of Scotland, betwixt Stonehaven and Fraserburgh, for the herring fishery. When at the offing, at about an average distance of ten miles, and the nets down, the wind, which had continued during the day at south and south-west, suddenly chopped out to the south-east with rain. At about twelve o'clock it blew a gale, the rain falling in torrents, and the night was so dark that none of the land lights could be seen. As soon as the gale came some of the fishermen began to haul their nets, but the sea ran so high that most of the fleet had to run for the shore to save life. At Fraserburgh, the boats being to leeward of Kinnaird's Head, which forms the entrance to the Murray Frith, were less exposed than the boats to the southward, and managed to get a landing without loss of life; but at Peterhead, which is the easternmost point of the coast, and altogether exposed to an easterly gale, seventy out of the 400 boats that were fishing there are missing, and there is too much reason to fear that most if not all of them are wrecked or sunk. At daybreak on Saturday morning the scene that presented itself along the shore between the Buchanness lighthouse and the entrance to the south harbor, was of the most appalling description. The whole coast for a mile and a half was strewn with wrecks and the dead bodies of fishermen. Twenty-three corpses were carried into Peterhead before nine o'clock, and at the time the latest accounts left others were being constantly thrown ashore among the wreck on the sands or the rocks. Forty boats were wrecked within the circuit of half a mile, and so sudden and awful was the catastrophe that no means of succoring or saving the distressed and perishing fishermen could be devised. It is calculated that along the coast not fewer than 100 lives are lost. The fearful nature of these accidents on the Scottish coast is attributed to the use of open instead of decked boats in the herring fishing.

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—A mixture of two parts of the liquid ammonia of commerce with one of some simple tincture is recommended as a remedy for toothache, so often uncontrollable. A piece of lint is dipped into this mixture, and then introduced into the carious tooth, when the nerve is immediately cauterized, and the pain stopped. It is stated to be eminently successful, and in some cases is supposed to act by neutralizing an acid product in the decayed tooth.—*Lancet*.

A PIANOFORTE has been exhibited in London by M. Scherr, of Philadelphia; in which the attempt to conciliate the form of the square with the power of the grand pianoforte has been once again made with tolerable success. The instrument is easy in its touch, and its tone is brilliant, though thinner in quality than we English altogether like. The register, too, is fairly even—a *desideratum* not attained in many of the new inventions. M. Scherr, who belongs to Denmark, must hardly look to putting our own "trusty and well-beloved" makers out of court; but his work seems to be conscientiously and solidly executed—and creditably to illustrate the musical requisitions of the country of his adoption. No pianofortes sent out from Europe abide the climate of the New World.—*Athenæum*.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FIRST SORROW.

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

LONGFELLOW.

IDA was no longer a child. Seventeen years and six months had done their best to rob her of that sweet name; yet of the reality which the name implies they could not rob her. Her soul was still a clear mirror, unused to reflect anything but blue skies, shadowy woods, and loving faces. She was sitting on the shore at Mrs. Chester's feet, her cheek leaning against the knee of her friend, her lap full of shells and seaweed gathered in the evening's excursion, her eyes fixed upon the waters which were slowly heaving themselves out of purple shadow into golden light, under a sky vibrating with the thousand hues of sunset, and sprinkled all over with small bright clouds, some like frosted silver, and some like fragments severed from a rainbow. Her fair hair fell backwards from a face so pure, so radiant, so placid, that you might have fancied it the countenance of some guardian angel who had never needed to weep for the sins of its human charge. The deep, almost stern melancholy which was the habitual expression of Mrs. Chester's beautiful features, contrasted very painfully with such a vision of peace. Their voices blended in the tones of a solemn melody, to which Percy had adapted words suitable to the time:—

SUNSET.

Is it the foot of God
Upon the waters, that they seethe and blaze,
As when of old he trod
The desert ways,
And through the night
Fearful and far his pillar poured its light?
Oh for quick wings to fly
Under the limit of yon dazzling verge,
Where bright tints rapidly
In brighter merge,
And yet more bright,
Till light becomes invisible through light!
What wonder that of yore
Men held thee for a deity, great sun,
Kindling thy pyre before
Thy race is run,
Casting life down
At pleasure, to resume it as a crown?
Or that our holier prayer
Still consecrates thy symbol, that our fanes
Plant their pure altars where
Thine Eastern glory rains,
And thy bright West
Drops prophet-mantles on our beds of rest?
Here, watching, let us kneel
Through the still darkness of this grave-like
time,
Till on our ears shall steal
A whisper, then a chime,
And then a chorus: earth has burst her prison,
The sign is in the skies! the sun is risen!

"The whisper is on the earth already," said Mrs. Chester in a tone of enthusiasm, as the last

notes died away; "at least," she added, sighing, "for those who can hear it."

Ida looked inquiringly into her face. "Dear Madeline," said she, "how sad you look to-night! Is there any reason?"

"Yes—no—I don't know," replied Mrs. Chester, absently; "it is my birth day, Ida, and that is a time to be grave. I am afraid of the day. Every great change which has happened to me throughout my life, has either begun or been completed on this day, and there is scarcely one of them that I would not recall if I could."

Ida took her friend's hand hesitatingly between her own, seemed about to speak, but checked herself, and after a moment's pause, said with a manner of assumed carelessness, "Was it to-day that you first came to live at Croye?"

"No, no—yet my coming to live here—But let us talk of something else, my Ida." She spoke with effort, and turned away her face.

"Why of something else?" said Ida, persuasively. "You said once that the day might come when you would tell me all about yourself. It is not fair to keep from me the privilege of knowing why you are unhappy, when we love each other so dearly."

"But I am not unhappy, love," replied Mrs. Chester; "why should you think so? I never said so."

"Said so!" exclaimed Ida, "but who is there that would come and look into your face and spread out his hands, and make a bow, and say, 'Look at me! see how unhappy I am!' If I were to see such a person, I should not believe that he had the capacity for unhappiness. But you—you are lively in conversation, and grave when you think nobody sees you; you laugh openly, and sigh when you think nobody hears you; and sometimes you start and answer sharply when you are not angry, and tremble when there is nothing to be afraid of. Besides, you never throw out hints that you are not so gay as you seem; on the contrary, you delight to assure people that you are really cheerful when you seem out of spirits—indeed, I never heard you say as much about yourself before as you said just now. So the time is come, is it not, dearest Madeline?—(throwing her arms caressingly around her)—I am not a child any longer—you are going to make a friend of me?"

"You are both my child and my friend," replied Mrs. Chester, a few reluctant tears slowly breaking from her eyes; "but indeed this is all a mistake; you have watched me, out of your fondness, till you fancied what had no real existence. I have every reason to be grateful."

"Grateful and happy are not the same, are they?" said Ida ponderingly.

"Ought they not to be the same?" inquired her friend.

"Why, no, I think not: surely not," answered Ida. "We may be grateful for reproof, and yet sorrowful because we deserve it. I am sure that is what I often feel. Why do you smile! Oh! you are thinking that I deserve it, now, for press-

ing you to tell what you do not wish. You are not angry with me, are you?" And taking Mrs. Chester's hand, she kissed it with an expression of the gentlest humility.

Madeline embraced her tenderly; and Ida, fearful lest she was indeed obtruding her sympathy, hastened to change the subject. "You were playing Schubert to-day," said she; "the 'Lob der Thränen.' I like no music so well; why is it that you so seldom play it?"

"It is too exciting for every-day use," replied Madeline. "It would wear me to death. Beethoven is like Shakspeare—his music is objective—you are altogether lost in the composition, and in it you forget your own existence. It is as though a giant held you forcibly aloft, so that you see earth and heaven from a new and more commanding point. But there is always something personal in Schubert. He does not look down upon life, he struggles in the midst of it; and even in his conquest you are made conscious of the wounds of the battle. His expression is as intense as it is possible for it to be without losing suggestiveness—after the scena from Faust, or the Ugeduld, I require a composing draught to fit me for the common duties of society."

"Oh, it seems so different to me!" cried Ida. "I suppose that is because I have not talent for music, as you have. To me, now, such music as that seems like a wild, beautiful fairy tale, sometimes very melancholy, but then it is a sort of melancholy which gives pleasure."

"That is a child's notion of life and the world, my Ida," said Mrs. Chester, fondly. "It seems a realm of mysterious enchantments, in which the gloomiest parts are but as shadows making pleasant contrast with the light. Nevertheless, they are deep enough to bewilder those who walk among them."

"And the child's notion is, as ever," said Percy, who had approached them unobserved, "the germ of a great truth. The utmost reason can do for us is to regain, toilsomely and with loss, some of the jewels which instinct freely offered us at first, but which we suffered to escape from our hands. What could the highest Christian say of life, more than that its griefs are shadows, whose purpose is to make the light stronger and brighter?"

"The highest Christian might say that," exclaimed Mrs. Chester, abruptly, "but—"

She stopped as suddenly as she had spoken. Percy made no comment upon the unfinished sentence. He seemed to be preoccupied with some painful subject of thought, and sat down in silence by his daughter's side, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Papa," said Ida, after a while, as she drew closer to him and laid her head on his shoulder, "there is one thing which you forgot about the shadows."

"What do you mean, my love?" inquired her father.

"It is very dangerous to walk through them

alone," replied Ida. "There must always be two, hand in hand, supporting each other. A father and daughter, for example—is not that true, dear papa?"

Percy turned his face slowly towards her, and looked at her with a grave smile. "You are right," said he; "we cannot stand alone. Better to lean on a flower than on nothing."

"But the poor flower may be crushed!" said Mrs. Chester.

"No fear of that!" exclaimed Ida. "Only try it! You will find that it is a hardy shrub, and can bear a great deal of leaning upon. It is a very bad plan to give up seeking for comfort because you are afraid of not finding it—you can but do without it after all, you know, if your search proves vain. And perhaps, if you try, and trust, you will find all you want."

"So that is your philosophy, my child," said Percy, with somewhat forced playfulness. "You think it better to make your life a series of disappointments than to do without hope."

"But *would* it be a series of disappointments?" asked Ida, looking into his face with an expression almost of fear. "Oh, papa, how sad that sounds! Surely, surely you don't mean it? How can we ever be disappointed in those we love!—unless, indeed," she added, "we begin by loving the wrong people, and then that is our own fault."

"But, without being 'wrong people,' as you call it, the people you love may do wrong," suggested her father; "and would not that be a disappointment?"

"It would, indeed," said Ida, gravely. "I never thought of that. But, you know, that is a grief which I might indeed cause you, but which you never could occasion me; so I suppose that is the reason of my forgetting it."

Percy colored deeply, and bit his lip, but said nothing. He was as chary of praise to his daughter as he was lavish of affection. Not that he never praised her; but his commendations were invariably given to some effort or achievement—something which had cost labor or demanded resolution. He was in nowise addicted to those little outbursts of parental admiration which are in some families awarded to the simplest expression of character or the commonest phrase of humility. "My dear, I'm sure I don't know what your faults are." "Well, if *you* can't, nobody else can!" "Yes, *you* might, I dare say; but then, my love, there are not a great many people in the world like *you*," &c. &c. Let me not be supposed to ridicule the veriest extravagance, or the merest weakness of real affection. But there is a sort of conventional habit of mutual laudation, which sometimes grows up in the midst of an attached family, which is *not*, in itself, real, which is only a degree removed from egotism, and which is worse than ridiculous. The habit is not real, because it is often found to exist in company with a very keen appreciation of petty faults and personal offences separately, as they occur, which somehow are resented and condemned without af-

fecting that vague general view of the perfection of the offender which is always ready to hand when wanted; moreover, it is no guarantee whatsoever for that permanent and unobtrusive family union which grows out of forbearance, tenderness, sympathy, and self-distrust; it is nearly egotistical, because it helps to keep up a sort of common stock of satisfaction upon which each member may draw as he requires it, and which results in a practical contempt for all *differences from* (not *inferiorities to*) the home standard; it is worse than ridiculous, because it seriously injures the characters of those among whom it exists. You can scarcely be perpetually overrated by others without learning at last to overrate yourself, or at any rate to be so accustomed to the stimulus of applause, that all viands seem flavorless without it—a great, and in such cases almost an inevitable danger. Besides, the practice of humility, always difficult enough, is rendered doubly difficult where every expression of it meets with a pleasant opposition. You must be very clear-sighted and self-disciplined indeed to be quite safe from the peril of self-deception—quite guiltless of ever blaming yourself in all candor, and then listening for the sweet melody of contradiction. Woe be to us if even the arms which we clasp about the neck of our beloved ones, shall draw them back as they labor along the upward path! Let us not indeed cling less closely—but let us cling so as to sustain and help!

Mrs. Chester was not always so cautious, but in the present instance she too was silent. She had drawn a few paces apart, and perhaps she did not hear the conversation. Her hands were clasped upon her forehead, and under their shadow she was gazing fixedly at the sea.

"Well, but, Ida," resumed her father, "there are other disappointments in affection besides faults. There are separations enough in life, before we come to the last great separation."

"Death," said Ida, her soft eyes filling with tears, as leaning on her father's knees she still looked earnestly into his face. "Oh! that is solemn and sorrowful, papa—but no disappointment—rather the light and life of hope. It is separation, you know, but not disunion, because we still pray with each other, and we love more than ever. I was at the grave to-day," (happy Ida! she knew but of *one* grave,) "and I watered the myrtle, and hung a circlet of roses upon the white cross; so I have still that little service to render—and can you doubt that he still loves us in Paradise!"

"You speak bravely and truly, my child," said Percy; "you could then be content to be thus parted from those you love—from me?"

Her face was hidden on his breast, her arms twined closely about his neck, as, nearly inarticulate with sudden weeping, she murmured, "Oh! no, no, no."

There was a momentary expression of anguish in his eyes, but it passed as quickly as it came, as, gently disengaging himself from her embrace,

he said, "God keep my darling from all trials that she has not strength to bear! Ought I not rather to say, God strengthen her to bear whatever trial He pleases to send! However, I did not mean to bring these foolish tears—there, dry them, and think no more of them—you see it is easier to *say* than to *do*. Come, is the sky bright again?" She looked up, smiling. "That is right; now listen attentively, for I have a history to tell you."

Ida resumed her former posture, and her father thus continued, speaking at first rapidly, but afterwards with more deliberation: "You know I have told you before, that in my youth I did much that was wrong. I pleased myself, and thought only of myself, and forgot God's service. But I never told you how it was that I began to repent." He paused a moment—this was a subject to which he had only once referred, and the shame in his daughter's face was even keener than in his own; yet she drew closer to him, and put her hands into his, as though she feared it might be possible for him to think that she could feel one instant's transitory impulse of condemnation. "When—when your—your mother died," he proceeded, "I had a very severe illness; a brain fever. I was for several weeks in great danger, sometimes without consciousness, oftener in a state of delirium. During the whole of this time I was sedulously and tenderly nursed by a friend who scarcely ever left my bedside, though the fever was supposed to be of an infectious nature. His name was Nesfield. He was a man of high family, good fortune, and very eccentric character; full of warm, kind feeling, though, as you will see from the sequel, destitute of principle. He used to spend hour after hour in trying to soothe and relieve me; he told me afterwards that I kept my hands tightly clasped upon a small book which no persuasion would induce me to relinquish—it was my wife's—one of her few English books, a St. Thomas à Kempis. Once when I was asleep he took it out of my hands, and the next time that my delirium recurred, it came into his head to read aloud a portion of this book, and see whether it would produce any effect upon me. I wept, laid myself down quietly, and listened like a child—ah, how often I had heard it before! How often, in the cool night time, I had listened to her voice as she read it aloud, slowly, and with her sweet foreign accent, to the maid who was loosening and arranging her abundant hair before she went to rest! She did not guess that I was hearing; and I heard only the music of the accents, and thought nothing of the words, which had, however, hidden themselves in some shady nook of memory, and now came forth to move me to tears. One passage which she had been accustomed to read oftener than the rest came back to me with special force, and fixed itself in my thought, so that, even when my mind was wandering, I used to repeat it over and over again unweariedly. She had returned to it so often out of her care for the girl who waited upon her—an Englishwoman who had suf-

ferred much sorrow, and who, when she first came to us, was dejected and gloomy, though not afterwards—how could she be in that sunshine? These were the words—

“*There will come an hour when all labor and trouble shall cease.*”

“*Poor and brief is all that which passeth away with time.*”

“*Do in earnest what thou doest; labor faithfully in My vineyard; I will be thy reward.*”

“*Write, read, chant, mourn, keep silence, pray, suffer crosses manfully; life everlasting is worthy of all these, yea, and greater combats.*”

“*Peace shall come in one day, which is known unto the Lord, and it shall be not day nor night, (that is, of this present time,) but everlasting light, infinite brightness, steadfast peace, and secure rest.*”

“What strength and refreshment to the weary in those words! what a trumpet-note for the slothful! what a solemn organ-strain for the devout! How her voice rose, how it *kindled*, as she read them!”

He stopped suddenly, and covered his face for a few moments. Rarely, indeed, did he suffer such agitation to be noticeable. Ida was listening too eagerly to weep; when he paused she covered with kisses the hand which still rested between her own, and soon he turned to her again, smiled, and continued his story in a changed and more self-restrained manner.

“Well, dearest, I began to recover. For many days I lay on my bed, powerless as an infant, unable to speak or move, but with those words ringing in my ears like the tones of a low, distant chant heard if you stand by the churchyard-gate at the time of evening prayer. I was still outside the gate, but I longed to enter, and a new, living self-reproach was busier at my heart than grief itself. The first news I heard when I was able to leave my room, was that Nesfield was dying of the same disorder—caught, so it was supposed, in attendance upon me; and I was not able to go to him. What an ingrate I felt myself!”

“Oh, no, no, papa!” cried Ida, “do not use such a word; your heart was with him, though your body could not be.”

“My heart was nearly broken,” replied Percy; “I was in utter despondency. I had no physical strength to fight against despair, no habit of faith or discipline to enable me to resist it. I was conscious of past evil in myself, but felt no courage to amend. I gave myself up without a struggle. A vague heathen notion of doom was in my mind—of doom fixed, inevitable, terrible. I was like one who swings downward in the grasp of some mighty torrent, and knows that the abyss to which he is hurrying is a whirlpool, which will crush him as a child crushes a shell between its fingers. A hundred hands are stretched out to help him, but the blackness of darkness is upon the heavens, and he cannot see one of them. A hundred voices cry to him, but the roar of the water is in his ears, and he hears no other sound. Then there comes

into the sky one little star, pale and tender, and by its twinkling light he sees the rope on the surface of the waves, grasps it, and is drawn to shore. It was the little star that saved him. They brought you to me, my Ida; when they feared that I was sinking into that worst kind of madness, to which speech and motion are impossible, and life is nothing but a dreary stupor, they brought my little star to me. The first pressure of your tiny, aimless fingers upon my cheek—the first look into your dreamy, innocent, blue eyes—*her eyes*—and I was saved. I wept freely, and after that there was no fear of madness, for I felt that there was something to live for.”

Ida’s face was hidden in his lap, and she wept unrestrainedly. “Oh, what happiness!” murmured she, as soon as she could speak. “And I was thinking, all the while, what a burden I must have been to you!”

Her father smiled in silence, and, after a moment, continued—“As soon as it was practicable, I went to Nesfield, and had the happiness of finding him out of danger, though as feeble as I had myself so lately been. I need scarcely tell you, that I did not leave him till he was completely recovered. One day he placed a sealed letter in my hand, desiring me to keep it, and open it in case of his death. He seemed about to say more, but checked himself, and merely added, that it had weighed much on his mind in the intervals of his delirium, that he had not already taken this step; but now, he was relieved, for that he could trust implicitly to me, to act on the information contained in the paper. I pledged my word to him, and no more passed between us. When he was quite well, I offered to return it to him, but he refused to receive it. ‘Keep it,’ said he; ‘perhaps if I die twenty years hence it will be as necessary as it is now.’ About a year after this he asked my services as second in a duel. I acceded so long as there was hope of reconciling the combatants, but when I found this to be quite impracticable, I declined to act any further with him. He was bitterly offended. It was a hard trial to me—but imagine how grateful I felt for being permitted so soon to make a sacrifice—so early in my penitence to be able to make some little atonement for past self-indulgence. Nevertheless, it was a great grief to me. I tried to obtain his forgiveness in every possible way, but in vain. He would not see me; he returned my letters unopened, and we have never met since!”

“Ah, papa!” exclaimed Ida, “what a hard-hearted, cruel man! And yet he nursed you so tenderly, I must love him! How could he be at once so bad and so good?”

“My child, he was without the principle of obedience to God’s law,” replied Percy; “all that he did was from feeling; and so when the angry impulse was stronger than the kind impulse, he yielded to it at once.”

“Papa, I could understand that quite well in a heathen,” said Ida, “but it seems so unnatural for a Christian to live by impulse. Was he a

in his eyes, but she passed as quickly as it came, to it so often out of her care for the girl who as, gently disengaging himself from her embrace, waited upon her—an Englishwoman who had suf-

Christian!" she added, with a wondering, puzzled expression.

"We will not judge him," said Percy, solemnly; "he is in God's hands. He is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Ida, with a look of terror, clasping her trembling hands.

"Even so," returned her father, "he died quite suddenly; a fit seized him while out hunting—he was brought home and died the next morning. He was perfectly insensible till the very moment of death, when he opened his eyes, and with great effort pronounced my name twice. I trust it was an emotion of forgiveness. One of the persons who was present, and who happened to be a mutual friend, communicated immediately with me. I received the intelligence a week ago, and, of course, I then opened the letter, which I have now had in my possession seventeen years."

"And it contained——" exclaimed Ida, breathlessly.

"A very few words, but of astonishing import—I have it here;" he took the paper from his pocket, and read what follows:—"If I should die, I desire your protection for my wife and child, now resident at the convent of Santa Fé, near——, under the name of Gordon. Their existence is known to no living being but myself, nor will it be revealed till my death.—James Nesfield." This was all. The letter which brought the news of his death contained no allusion whatever to his marriage, but speaks of a cousin in England as his next heir. It also informs me that among his effects was found a sealed box, with these words written upon the lid, '*To be burned in case of my decease.*' A pencil had been afterwards drawn across this inscription, and my name written below, also in pencil—apparently this was one of his last acts. A very solemn duty devolves upon me, and one which I am of course bound in a special and most impressive manner to execute. I must endeavor to find this unhappy lady and her child if alive, or to procure sufficient evidence of their death. They are given into my charge as it were from the grave, and I dare not neglect for a moment the task thus imposed. Of course, my first step must be to visit the convent—it is in Syria—and to learn all that I can on the spot. Afterwards I must proceed to Delhi, where my friend died, and open the box, which has been kept untouched till my orders are received concerning it, and in which I hope to find the certificate of the marriage."

Ida listened with the deepest interest. "And why was the marriage kept secret?" inquired she.

"I fear, from motives of pride; but, of course, this can only be conjecture," replied Percy, hesitatingly, and looking at her with an expression of inquiry.

Ida mused a little, and then looked up at her father. "And when do we set off?" asked she.

Poor Ida! What a child she still was. All that careful and tender preparation—all that elaborate prelude of supposititious sorrows—it had just gone for nothing. It never occurred to her that her father had been trying to break to her, as cautious-

ly as he could, a piece of sorrowful news; that he had not been working upon her feelings without cause, but in order to soften if possible the blow which he was about to inflict. This could not have escaped a woman—one whose education had advanced even a little way under that stern preceptor, Life—but Ida was a child. In the interest of the story, she had lost all recollections of its purpose, and of the conversation which preceded it. Childhood is supposed to lose much suffering because it anticipates none; did those who thus judge ever think of the cruelty and bitter suddenness of a new and unimagined grief?

"My dearest child," said Percy, with the quiet and tender firmness habitual to him, and from which there was no appeal, "I cannot take you with me."

Ida started; the idea of resistance, even of the resistance of supplication, never once occurred to her, but it was very hard to bear. Yet with her whole heart full of sympathy, love, and obedience, how could she once think of herself? It was of her father she had been thinking, for him she had been feeling, and she could not change in a moment to self-indulgence and self-pity; her impulse was to crush by a quick effort every thought that could add to his pain, to conquer her own emotion, as it were by violence, for his sake. She would not let him see that it grieved her—she would put a cheerful face upon her misery; this was a holy deception. So she looked up at him, with eyes straining to keep themselves free from tears, white cheeks, and lips quivering with a painful smile, and asked gently, "And where am I to go?"

"You will be at Evelyn Manor, my love," replied her father; "your aunt Melissa has kindly promised to take charge of you during my absence. I hope to return before that eighteenth birthday of yours, to which we have been looking forward so long, when the whole family is once more to assemble at Evelyn. I shall write to you very often."

Ida drew her breath with a quick, sobbing sound, but was silent. Mrs. Chester approached and put her arm round her waist. "My dear Mrs. Chester," said Percy, "you will not, I am sure, refuse to accompany Ida. It would be so hard for her," he added, dropping his voice, "to go at once among strangers. I am sure I may reckon upon you in this?"

Madeline colored violently, and her manner expressed a singular hesitation. "I am so unused to society," said she; but a look at the wan, trembling Ida overcame her reluctance. "I will go; yes, I will go," she added; "but I must be allowed to live in retirement, and when you return, I must come home before the family party assembles." She spoke abruptly and with much agitation.

"You shall do exactly as you please," answered Percy, with some surprise; "I am sorry to urge upon you a step from which you appear to shrink, but——"

Mrs. Chester raised her hand, as if deprecating

further discussion of the subject. "It is enough," said she, almost sternly, "I will go."

Percy turned to his daughter, and folded her silently in his arms. She shook from head to foot. "When?" said she hastily; she could articulate no more. "God bless my darling child!" was his solemn answer. She dropped upon her knees, and once more those dear hands were laid gently upon her head, once more was she clasped in those venerated arms and held to that loving heart, and—he was gone! Madeline led her to her room, and wisely judged it best to leave her for a little while alone. As she descended the stairs, she saw Percy in the hall; he beckoned to her, and when she came to him, said hurriedly—

"I am a coward; I despise my own weakness, but cannot conquer it. I cannot tell her—perhaps, too, it is not necessary yet. But, Mrs. Chester, you must pledge me your word not to leave her. I have reason to believe that I carry within me the seeds of a mortal disease; it will, most probably, be long before it makes itself apparent; but it is possible that—that—it may be necessary to write to her and inform her of it. You are to her almost a mother; she is a tender child; I cannot leave her, even though it is my duty to do so, unless I know that you will be with her. Will you give me your word to remain with her till I return—or, if God so will it, till I die? You understand me; will you pledge your word for this?"

His manner was almost fierce in the impetuosity of its earnestness, and he had taken both Madeline's hands in his own, and kept his eyes fixed on her agitated face. "I will," said she, faintly; "I do. What am I that I should refuse any sacrifice for her? But God preserve you to her!"

Percy wrung her hands warmly, and adding a few hasty words about avoiding the pain of a farewell interview, left her.

Madeline was perfectly calm when she joined Ida an hour afterwards, and they passed the first part of the night in prayer and weeping. Towards morning the exhausted girl fell asleep, and her friend watched by her side; all was still, save for the uneasy breathing of the slumberer who lay on the bed, her head pillowed on her arm, and the tears still undried upon her burning cheek. The gray light of dawn was beginning to spread its pale, cold tints over the room. Madeline went to the window; it was a cloudy morning, and a fog lay heavy upon the distant sea, the foliage of the trees was all uncurled by damp, the earth looked black, and the grass sent up a white steam. Before the door a servant was holding a horse, and in another moment Percy came forth. He looked neither right nor left, up nor down, but straight before him; his step was quick and firm; he sprang on his horse, touched its shoulder with the whip, and, without a word to the bowing groom, rode off at speed. Madeline looked involuntarily towards the bed. Ida had changed her position, and there was a lovely smile on her face, as though her dream was a happy one. She turned and softly kissed the pillow, then crossed her hands over her bosom, and murmured, still sleeping, between her smiling lips, "Peace, peace!" It is an angel who guides!

"Now at thy pleasure roam, wild heart,
In dreams o'er sea and land;
I bid thee at no shadows start:
The Upholder is at hand."

Give place, you ladies all,
unto my mistresse faire,
For none of you, or great or small,
can with my love compare.

If you would knowe her well,
you shall her nowe beholde,
If any tonge at all may tell
her beautie[s] manyfolde.

She is not high ne lowe,
but just the perfect height,
Below my head, above my hart,
and then a wand more straight.

She is not full ne spare,
but just as she sholde bee,
An armfull for a god, I sweare;
and more—she loveth mee.

Her shape hath noe defect,
or none that I can finde,
Such as indeede you might expect
from so well formde a minde.

Her skin not blacke, ne white,
but of a lovelie hew,
As if created for delight;
yet she is mortall too.

Her haire is not to[o] darke,
no, nor I weene to[o] light;
It is what it sholde be; and marke—
it pleaseth me outright.

Her eies nor greene, nor gray,
nor like the heavens above,
And more of them what needes I say,
but they looke and love!

Her foote not short ne long,
and what may more surprise,
Though some, perchance, may thinke me wrong,
't is just the fitting size.

Her hande, yea, then, her hande,
with fingers large or fine,
It is enough, you understand,
I like it—and 'tis mine.

In briefe, I am content
to take her as she is,
And holde that she by heaven was sent
to make compleate my blisse.

Then ladies, all give place
unto my mistress faire,
For now you knowe so well her grace,
you needes must all dispaire.

Old Ballad of 1566.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 30th August, 1848.

My last accounts are down to Thursday the 24th, at post-hour. Until Saturday, the week resembled the one preceding the Four Days of June, in the agitation of the faubourgs and the disquietude of the orderly classes; similar scenes were generally expected. It was well known that not more than a tenth of the workmen and vagabonds who belonged to the *ateliers* had quitted the capital; that paupers, or the dependents on public bounty, had multiplied; and that the *Red Republic* felt itself as strong in numbers, at least, and steadfast in purpose, as at any period. Friday, the day of the discussion of the report and testimony, which was particularly mentioned to you last week, became that of special alarm. If the Assembly had not astonishingly restrained itself throughout its sitting of *eighteen hours*—if those violent emotions and altercations, to which French public bodies are subject, had been indulged, insurrection in the streets would, probably, have ensued, notwithstanding the vast array of troops, and the known determination of President Cavaignac, and the stern minister of war, Lamoricière.

At the outset, the President of the Assembly, Marrast, admonished the house of the superlative expediency of moderation and patience; the common impression that the sitting would be tempestuous, and exasperate the different parties to extreme courses, served, as often happens in such cases, to prevent the evil by the unremitting dread of it—a memento of caution and self-control. Two representatives, qualified to judge, and a member of the chief military staff, have expressed to me their belief that at least sixty thousand troops were on foot or held in readiness during the night, and every position important for defence was adequately occupied, independently of the force of the guards. The first appearances were everywhere akin to those of Wednesday; this description is accurate:—

Considerable movement was perceptible outside the chamber; workmen were collected down the quays, but not in the immediate neighborhood of the building, the guardians of Paris ordering them off, if they attempted to take up a position near the bridge. There was no extraordinary display of force visible, but at the top of the steps under the peristyle were placed two pieces of cannon, precisely behind two of the pillars, so as to be invisible from the front, but perceptible when the building was viewed obliquely.

Inside, the tribunes were all crowded at an early hour, the number of ladies being unusually great.

Not a few of the representatives sat armed with pistols and poignards. A portion of the galleries was appropriated for the wives of the members. Such of the wives as remained at home did not retire to rest; they despatched messengers, from hour to hour, who might inform them of the condition of things. Most of the ladies who entered the galleries, kept their seats until the close of the proceedings, and, when day broke upon them,

showed faces as distressed and haggard as could have issued from any scene of nocturnal dissipation. Some diverting pictures have been drawn in my presence by witnesses on the floor. The house was never more full; and it held out wonderfully. Cavaignac wore a plain civic frock coat; his uniform sedateness of demeanor, and the manly resolution and just feeling which he displayed when he spoke, increased the impression of the great majority in his favor. Preliminary explanations of testimony consumed a couple of hours; the chairman of the committee vindicated the preparation and submission of the report and evidence, and Ledru-Rollin, Caussidière, and Louis Blanc were heard at all length in their own defence. Rollin scarcely attempted a justification; he turned on the old monarchical opposition, so numerous in the Assembly, and declaimed with sensible effect on the blunders, inconsistencies, and excesses by which they had contributed to the ruin of the Orleans royalty. This man is overrated in respect to talents and political qualifications; but he can harangue skilfully, in a way to reach and embarrass his adversaries, and win a momentary triumph over the antipathies and judgments of his audience. He charged Arago, his former colleague, with falsehood; the illustrious *savant* firmly and peremptorily reiterated his assertion, and was believed. The lie direct passed between two other members, Turck and Baune, and then between Louis Blanc and Monsieur Trélat, the ex-minister of public works. Trélat repelled the charge with indignation; he affirmed that his deposition about Blanc was correct; Blanc rejoined that the *lie* lay between the minister and the chief of the national *ateliers*; it must be with one or the other. The house murmured. Caussidière, the illiterate and traitorous ex-minister of police, read an interminable defence, elaborated for him by a professional scribe. He was made to call the attention and sympathy of the auditory to his aged mother, a hag, present in the galleries; and laughter was still more widely excited by the following topic:—

Referring to the address mentioned in the report as having been made by him to the commissaries of police, he maintained that his sole object was to set aside everything that could excite discord amongst the various classes of the population, and hence the strong expressions of that document. He quoted, as a proof of his anxiety to avoid everything that might offend, his own polite language in his reply to the drivers of hackney coaches.

In concluding, Ledru-Rollin boldly pleaded the cause of *socialism* and the merits of the red republic. This identification could not but gratify his antagonists. They knew him capable of any association and intrigue—of any Jacobin doctrine and policy; it was well that he should take this unequivocal position. He failed in his object of provoking tumult, and especially of exciting the leaders of the old deputies, Thiers, Barrot, Dupin, to a battle with the republicans of the eve. They maintained deliberate silence; listened calmly and closely; seemed content with the success of the labors

of the committee with the country, and might well rely on the incredulity of the house in regard to all the *alibis*, protestations, and sentimentalities of the convicted conspirators. They had done enough in delivering these leading spirits to the common sense of the nation and the judgment of history. Ledru-Rollin uttered some curious notions touching American situation. "You know perfectly well," said he, "that *socialism* desires the dissemination of *property*; this is right; for all republics of antiquity and the middle ages perished by the concentration of property. At this day, that magnificent, that gigantic country, America, is keenly alarmed by the concentration of property. (Denials from the floor.) It would be difficult for me, you conceive, to answer interruptions which I cannot well understand; I have said, and I repeat it, and I shall not be contradicted by those who are aware that at this period, in North America, property suffers by concentration, and that the people demand, not an agrarian law, but the distribution of the public domain of the state; the cry from one pole to the other is, *Land is liberty!*" He gave the English phrase. The Americans have a fine chance of liberty enough, on this maxim.

Some of the provisional government attempted, in their depositions, to throw from their own shoulders, on those of Cavaignac, the minister of war, the blame of insufficient military preparation for the insurrection of June. He did not deign to exculpate himself, which he might have done; he would not censure in his turn; he left the government to its fate in public opinion. When the attorney-general demanded formally the prosecution of Caussidière and Blanc before the civil and military tribunals, Dupin moved the simple order of the day on the report and testimony, to get rid of the *political* question or case. The committee required no solemn sanction of their work; no one mistook the sense of the majority. The two conspirators were consigned to the attorney-general for the transactions of May, but they were set free for those of June, because the latter would subject them to the courts-martial—a jurisdiction not relished by the Assembly. The *Mountain* clamored, hooted, whistled, as soon as Cavaignac finished his impressive claim for the arraignment of Caussidière and Blanc.

A member has observed to me—"We were, in fact, five hundred for all rigor of treatment; but some two hundred are timid, and the Montagnards are seventy or eighty." A mystery remains—the escape of Blanc and Caussidière; they might have been arrested with due activity; connivance on the part of the executive is suspected, naturally enough; flight would serve as conviction; their trial might prove an occasion of bitter feuds and popular disorders. You will see that Blanc reached Belgium where he was arrested and imprisoned; and then speedily released by order of the Belgian government. The chartists alone are likely to welcome him in England. He fatigued the National Assembly excessively by his long-winded and monotonous defence; when he under-

took to read to them some pages of his book on the *Organization of Labor*, a chorus up-rose—"We do not want a new edition of that stuff; enough of it forever; the *labor of hearing* it is worse than the galleys—*les travaux forcés*. You should be, yourself, in our place." At the time the division on the authorization to prosecute was called—

Great agitation was manifested whilst the vote was going on, and whilst the secretaries were reckoning the bulletins, the members collected in groups on the floor, conversing and gesticulating with great energy. It was now broad daylight and the appearance of the chamber, with the decaying lights in the lustres, the worn look of the ladies in the galleries, (which continued crowded to the close,) and the feverish agitation of the house, presented a strange and unpleasant spectacle.

Three of the most intelligent and observing members of the Assembly passed some hours with me on Sunday last, at St. Germain. They related various pleasant incidents of the long sitting; and, among these, the following, which has found its way into a journal. At noon, on Friday, two young and handsome ladies requested one of the sergeants (*huissiers*) stationed in the galleries, to summon their husbands, members, to place them in proper seats. The gentlemen named came at once, welcomed their partners, and handed them to the reserved benches. A short time after, two other matrons, not quite so richly and gaily attired, appeared, and requested the *huissier* to announce them, *in the same quality*, to the two representatives; he stared, and replied that the *wives* of the gentlemen had just been seated by them; the new comers betrayed a lively surprise, and looked at each other significantly; they insisted that the representatives should be called; they had travelled a hundred leagues, having been alarmed for the safety of their lords by the dreadful reports. The husbands again obeyed the summons; the parties embraced at once with edifying fondness. The bystanders, among whom were some colleagues, did not learn the *éclaircissements* by which the real wives were propitiated. Possibly, the gentlemen, not expecting the advent of the latter, had allowed them to be personated, in order to place favorite acquaintances. On the 28th, the heat was so oppressive in the hall, that the body, in three hours, melted away to less than a quorum, and abandoned all business.

The three visitors above mentioned, spoke freely of the characteristic traits of the National Assembly. Its general composition is moderate and conservative, with a very respectable quantum of intelligence, knowledge, business-skill and habit, and personal intrepidity: but so large a multitude—nine hundred—have not, even yet, become properly acquainted with each other; the best men have not therefore a confidence of unity and numerical strength: the distribution into external clubs—*réunions*—estranges them by hundreds, and lessens individual independence in the common discussions and action of the Assembly—each *ré-*

union exacting fealty to the opinions and plans of its chiefs or its majority. Five or six hundred are sincere and zealous as to the adoption and fair trial of a republican constitution; the reasons, however, for distrusting the practicability of a republic, seem to them stronger than the grounds of hope. The president of the committee on the constitution remarked a few days before, gravely, to one of my guests, "You will see that we shall have less liberty under the republic, than we enjoyed under the monarchy." At a recent levee of President Cavaignac, he said to an officer just returned from Bordeaux, "You have a good number of republicans in your city." "Not one, my general," was the answer.

Apropos of the military; the colonel of a regiment of cuirassiers, which was stationed on the *Place de la Concorde*, on the critical 24th of June, related, in my hearing, this anecdote. About 11 o'clock in the morning, a gentleman of fine appearance, and well-mounted, accompanied by two other equestrians, rode up to him and exclaimed—"You are not on the right spot; follow, and I will show you where you ought to be." The colonel replied, "Sir, I obey no directions except those of my general."—"But, colonel, you do not know who I am; I am *Lamartine*."—"I am happy to see so distinguished a personage: I repeat, however, that I am at the disposal of my commander alone." The poet paused, as if disappointed, and then moved off, lowering his hat. Another of my guests, of unquestionable honor, related the mode of M. Guizot's escape from Paris, as follows: "Next door to him (the representative) is a lady who was the intimate friend of M. Guizot's first wife, and maintained with the minister relations of devoted friendship. To her he repaired, in the evening of the 24th February for refuge; she put him in an upper room in bed, drew the curtains close; caused him to be fed by a confidential servant; represented to her household, the patient as a female friend near her *accouchement*; on the third night adjusted a black beard and thick mustaches to his face, fitted him with a *cap and blouse*, and had him conducted to the northern rail-road station, whence he reached Belgium."

Yesterday afternoon, the definitive draft of the constitution was reported to the Assembly. The twelve chapters, distributed into a hundred and twenty-eight articles, commanded an attentive hearing in full convocation. You may remember that the instrument was first framed by a special committee of seventeen representatives; then thoroughly examined in the fifteen standing committees, each of which delegated one of its ablest members to communicate their conclusions to the framers, and argue the modifications which it held desirable. The present text is the result of all the deliberations. You have an abstract enclosed, and here is a brief notice.

The preamble, which contains the political declaration of faith of the French people, has been

entirely remodelled. The principal modification in this part consists in the suppression of the absolute right of labor, for which is substituted protection and encouragement accorded to the working-classes within the limit of the resources of the state. The president of the republic is, as before, to be elected by universal suffrage and by ballot; but with this restriction, that he must never have lost the quality of Frenchman—a reservation inserted to meet the case of Louis Napoleon. The new draft maintains the amount of 600,000fr. as the salary of the president. This point was received with a mixture of murmurs and approbation, some of the representatives apparently considering the sum too elevated, whilst others evidently thought it quite unequal to meet the obligations to which the head of the state in France was certain to be liable. The representatives are, as before, to receive an indemnity which they cannot renounce. Substitutes in the army are again interdicted. This article was received with very decided disapprobation. A new article decides that an express law is to regulate the cases in which a *state of siege*, or martial law, can be proclaimed. Lastly, the president of the republic is to be nominated immediately after the vote of the constitution, and the present Assembly is not to separate until it has voted the organic laws which are to complete the constitution.

A *Senate* is not admitted, but representatives of the highest authority are prepared to urge this institution, with a conviction that ultimate success without it is impossible. The interdict on substitution in the regular army cannot prevail. Nothing more unequal or inequitable for individuals—nothing more injurious to the loftiest interests and aspirations of a civilized people, could be devised than universal compulsory service; the largest portion of the youth, particularly, may prove far more useful and hopeful elsewhere than in garrison, camp, or field-life. But the minister of war promises the annexed new plan of recruitment.

At present the yearly contingent is fixed by canton, in proportion to the number of young men inscribed. The consequence is, that there is a heavy charge left to the departments with unhealthy and weak populations, and an advantage to those with a healthy one. Henceforward the contingent will be also fixed per canton, but only in proportion to the population fit for service. In principle, the military service is to be either personal or pecuniary; once that the lot declares against a young man, he must set out; if not, he must pay a sum of money, just the same as the man declared to be unfit for service; for, whether fortune favors, or nature, or events, have placed any one in the category of unfit for service, being left behind to the benefits of society, he must aid in its charges, in one way or the other—by service or by payment of a sum of money. At present, out of eighty thousand men called on to serve each year, there are twenty thousand substitutes, costing to their families about forty-five million francs. That tax, in place of being distributed amongst twenty thousand families, will be extended to seventy-five thousand at least. In this way, the minister considers that substitutes in the army, to which system he is inimical, may be rendered unnecessary.

The question whether the Assembly should remain to enact organic laws, threatened discord; the

representatives, ex-deputies, were supposed to wish the early election of a new body, from the persuasion that the commissaries of the provisional government and the allies of the red republic, who have seats, would be excluded; the legitimists might expect a considerable accession to their benches. On the other hand, the junto of the *National* and all its auxiliaries and dependents, and the *Montagnards*, naturally dreaded and deprecated a change, which, for them, must certainly prove disadvantageous, if not fatal. It was seen by the results of the elections for the municipalities and the councils-general of the departments, that the old republican school scarcely retained a footing in the interior. The voters, however, did not average more than a third of the qualified mass, and the supineness was with the party of order—the peasantry and the petty traders, who, if drawn forth on a great occasion, would preponderate incalculably more against the revolution of February and all the cabals and factions by which it was first turned to account. In many cantons, the number of voters—with universal suffrage—was not beyond that of the era of close monopoly under Louis Philippe. The reception of the articles, styled transient, which prescribes the continuance of the present Assembly, indicated a favor so general as to settle dispute. Scandal whispers that the *per diem* of twenty-five francs operates a little, for a large portion of the representatives came with lean purses. The patriotic wish to establish Cavaignac in power. It is calculated that the choice of the country may be secured for him. All the parties and journals, other than the legitimists, scout or affect to deride the notion of a majority for Henry V. However, the wind in the capital turns in his favor, and may blow strongly in many provincial quarters. What a strange dilemma, if the proscribed Bourbon should be carried! Should his majority be very considerable what old laws of banishment or new republican edicts could withstand the momentum, especially if an Assembly favorable to an hereditary executive be returned by the first elections under the constitution! Let me show you how a journal so important as the *Débats* treats the matter of the present eclectic constitution:

After all, one constitution more in our revolutionary history is in our eyes, if we may be allowed so to say, but an incident of the second order. In the matter of constitutions, we have completely exhausted everything. We must see constitutions at work. The best will be that which shall give to France, not the most words and the finest promises, but the most liberty and the greatest real prosperity. This depends upon the men who govern, much more than upon the letter of a constitution. The constitution of 1791 was not so defective as it has been represented. It would have worked well, if the men of those times would have suffered it. The Directory fell by the men who composed it, and not at all by the constitution of An III., which was as good for it as any other. The constitution of An VIII., had it been faithfully carried into execution, would have still left to France a great portion of her liberties. As to the charter of 1814, the coun-

try was perfectly contented with it. It was the restoration which committed the unpardonable fault of rending its own work, the pact of its own safety and the public weal. The charter of 1830 was, no doubt, a very bad one, since it was the people themselves who destroyed it. Let us endeavor to make a better, and, above all, let us carry it into execution when it is made. Let us not inscribe liberty on a sheet of paper, and create despotism by our acts. To have liberty, we must truly love it and cherish it in our hearts. This is what must be understood in framing all constitutions, for without it even Solon and Lycurgus united would produce only a dead letter.

It is curious, besides, to remark the view taken of the present political situation by *La Réforme*, the organ of Ledru-Rollin and Flocon—the journal whose editors and clique were associated with the *National*, as partners in the revolution of February, and the first division of the loaves and fishes:

Thanks to our faults, to our follies, to our weakness; thanks to certain illusions, which will at a later period be fruitful in remorse, we are all laboring for the funeral of the republic! The republic! After five months, it presents the following balance-sheet: ten thousand men in prison, hunger amongst the masses, despair below, anxiety above, care everywhere; liberties gagged, glory absent; poetry, the arts, information, extinguished; an assembly which decimates itself, a burgess class which is irritated from suffering; and, for all hope, a constitution which is about to sprout up in the midst of these disasters. Such are the things which we have hitherto done to continue the great republic! Ah! they who died in February, are not the only martyrs!

Paris, 31st August, 1848.

THE demolition, by the present ministry and the Assembly, of the decrees of the provisional government proceeds at a round pace. Those which abolished imprisonment for debt, and the tolls on meat, and the salt-tax, and which limited manual labor to ten and eleven hours the day, and prohibited artisanship in the prisons, are all under condign sentence. The minister of finance says to the committee—The treasury cannot part with the impost on salt, as it is now collected, whatever the harm to the poorer classes or to agriculture; the necessities of the moment are too obstreperous to be resisted. He proposes a reorganization of the *Monts-de-Piété*—pawnbroking establishments, such as shall put them entirely in the hands of the government. The bill for taxing all income from all personal property is generally approved in the committees, as indispensable for the treasury.

Observe what the London Times of the 28th says of British fiscalty:

There is no good in attempting to blink the fact that the budget of this year is very unsatisfactory. Our expenses are exceeding our income by no less than £2,000,000 a year! To make good the deficiency, there are three courses generally open;—the first is to impose additional taxes; the second is to borrow money; the third is to retrench expenditure. The first was signally discouraged by the house some months ago; and the votes on the

estimates make the last impossible for the present. We are therefore driven to the *ultimatum* of borrowing money to pay our debts. With an annual outgoing payment of no less than £31,000,000, interest, &c., on our existing debt, we are about to add to its principal, and this, too, at a time of as little promise and encouragement as can well be expected. And what guarantee have we that this additional charge shall not be a permanent one? and that the next year we shall not be compelled to borrow afresh to discharge the encumbrance with which we have laden ourselves this year?

So far the prospect is unpleasant. It is always more agreeable to pay than to contract debts; but there is no step which combines so many disadvantages as to incur a new one for the liquidation of the old. But this is now inevitable. We have no alternative. We have spent actually on the existing debt, and the current service of the past year, £52,422,000; we have also taken out of the exchequer, and have to refund into it, some £1,700,000 and odd, for the Caffre war, the Irish emigrants, and the navy excesses; in all our liabilities for the year are upwards of £54,000,000, and the revenue to meet them is not much over £52,000,000. The deficiency must be supplied, and, as the House of Commons reasonably enough refused to increase the income-tax, it could not be so unreasonable as at the same time to refuse its sanction of a loan.

The *Moniteur* of the 29th inst. contains the law of postal reform, just enacted. Its main provision is a simple, universal charge of four sous on every letter not above seven and a half grams.

Art. 2. Letters weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ grammes, and not exceeding 16 grammes, shall be liable to a charge of 40c.

Art. 3. Letters and paquets of papers weighing more than 15 grammes, and not exceeding 100 grammes, shall be charged 1fr. If the weight exceeds 100 grammes, it cannot be sent by the post.

Art. 4. Letters recommended, and letters enclosing money, shall be subject to double postage. These letters must be prepaid.

Art. 5. The post-office is authorized to sell stamps, or labels, at 20c., 40c., and 1fr. each, the affixing of which on the letter will be equivalent to prepayment.

Art. 6. It is forbidden to any functionary or agent of the government to enclose in an official letter, or to countersign in order to free it from the postage, any letter not connected with the service in which he is engaged. Any contravention of this article will be punished conformably to the provisions of the law of 27th Prairial, An IX., relative to fraudulent despatches.

An attempt was made, with plausible arguments, to substitute ten grams for the $7\frac{1}{2}$ in the first article. The minister, in resisting it, raised some merriment by this language: "Envelopes may be excluded by the smaller weight; but merchants, any more than people in straitened circumstances, do not use envelopes. It is a new fashion; *quite aristocratic*; it clashes with the spirit and tendencies of the age!" The tribunals of commerce are recast; they were elective, but the bill enlarges the scheme of suffrage; all traders with licenses and residence are entitled to vote; so sea-captains and skippers. On the 11th of next month, there will be a public sale

at Havre of all the furniture, wine, &c., which were destined for the French transatlantic steamers. This republic cannot afford to enter into competition with New York. Algeria will be chosen as the country of the June insurgents under transportation; the fourth large convoy from Paris reached Havre yesterday morning. I have been struck by the subjoined paragraph of the *National*, urging the selection of Algeria: "Our right is not contested in our other possessions beyond sea. In Africa, a numerous aboriginal population, hostile, warlike, defeated, but not subdued, watches to spring on the invaders. They view us as spoilers, not as the proprietors of the soil; and perhaps they do not widely err, for the *right* of property can accrue only from the cultivation of the soil. Let us, therefore, send as many cultivators as possible." Twenty thousand workmen of Paris have joined in a petition to the Assembly for aid to emigrate to Algeria in a body. Well, if scores of thousands more could be despatched. The two hundred thousand *prolétaires* in the capital are more dangerous to it and to France, than the millions of American negro slaves to their masters and states. It is admitted now, from the experience of France, Germany, and Italy, that, when mobs seize the ascendency, they cannot create, they will not brook, any regular government; their leaders soon fall into discord, and military, absolute sway becomes the sole cure for destructive and ignominious anarchy. The popular enormities and the usurpations and rapine of the demagogues discredit and preclude all republicanism. Society—civilization—morality—property—reason—all sound principles, interests, and relations grow desperate, and resort to extreme efforts and expedients to beat and chain down the rabble, and the agitators of every description. We are in this career; at Berlin and Vienna it is begun; at Rome it must soon be pursued. Ere long, every principal city south of the Scandinavian borders may be under martial law. The vindication and enforcement of *some* law admit of little delay. A new and beautiful *coup d'œil* is furnished in the centre of the Champs Elysees—that of two hundred graceful *tents* in the square of Marigny; the effect, with the adjacent verdure and the groves, is highly picturesque; yesterday, the soldiery and their officers were variously employed in duty of camp, and hosts of city spectators delighted in the show.

At yesterday's sitting, the Assembly decided that the discussion of the constitution shall commence next Monday, and some hours every day, without intermission, be devoted to the subject. *La Réforme*, of this morning, says—"The constitutional gospel bears the impress of the recent alarms and trouble of mind and spirit. There must, therefore, arise stormy debates on the suppressed points, and we trust that the revolution of February, however weakened by adverse events, will have its turn of reasoning and weight in legal discussion." This means that socialism and the red republic will strain every nerve to fashion the system conformably to their interpretation of the February affair, and

the order of things suited to their doctrines and views. The same oracle predicts that the debates will not be terminated for a long time. Three days hence a motion to inquire into the lawfulness of the recent suspension of journals will engage the attention of the Assembly, with the assent of President Cavaignac, who promises to give satisfactory explanations. His interdict on the *Gazette de France*, and some ministerial project of dealing in like manner with the *Constitutionnel*, have caused irritation within and without the Assembly. We apprehend a very animated, if not fierce and angry, jostling. The list of journals launched in Paris within the last spring teaches as much as a voluminous history or lecture. In the sitting of yesterday, philosopher *Pierre Leroux* pronounced a disquisition against repealing the ten hour labor law, which nearly prostrated the audience, but he was cut short by a ludicrous accident. His thick manuscript slipped from his hands; the numberless leaves flew on every side; the serjeants helped him to gather and assort the fugitives. What with this difficulty and the laughter and joy of the house, he surrendered the tribune.

From the Spectator, 25th August.

HOW REVOLUTIONS ARE MANAGED.

IT is established by evidence distinct and indisputable, that "France," or the "French people," had no more to do with founding the republic than it had with overthrowing the monarchy—far less. The evidence taken by the committee of the Assembly on the insurrections of April and June throws a valuable light on the whole anterior history of the revolution. The witnesses were the actors in that immense drama: each man paints himself a hero, an injured-by-his-ungrateful-country patriot; but most of them concur in damning each other, and all agree in proclaiming the anarchy of their councils. It was no majority of the nation that acted or decreed; there was no majority: every active party was manifestly a minority, and there were many of them. The monarchy did not fall before a new institution all ready formed; the monarchy fell by its own fault, and the republic turned up peradventure: its founders were not even agreed what it should be; but it was sketched on the spot by a shoemaker, who evidently contemplated something very different from that which exists under the dictatorship of M. Cavaignac. The cabinet of the monarchy, mismanaging the contest about small reforms, raised a commotion which shook down the monarchy; and in the sudden hubbub a host of political adventurers leaped forward to scramble for the power as it lay rolling about the streets of Paris. There was no common purpose, no understanding between the scramblers; so little, that the scramble really went on long after the first outbreak. The sceptre of power was snatched from one set after another, just as the valuables of an European crew murdered by savages pass from hand to hand in the precarious ownership of ignorant possession.

The men who conspired to scramble had motives as opposite as their purposes: they conspired, many of them, with ulterior plans for the destruction of their accomplices. There was Lamartine, glorying in the opportunity to compose a state as he would compose a poem or invent a book of travels; big with the idealism of something—of what, is not to

be discerned through the haze of his poetic language. There was Ledru-Rollin, to set up mere democracy, himself a candidate for the highest place. Louis Blanc, so eager to establish a coöperative model that he could not take time or thought to do it with the commonest degree of workmanlike skill. Blanqui Barbès, and their more savage adherents, laboring for a Red Republic. Caussidière and Sobrier, occupying the Prefecture de Police, feigned foes, bent on a predatory communism not to be confounded with Proudhon's rigid theories or Louis Blanc's eclectic Fourierism—Caussidière and Sobrier did their best to establish a reign of terror; Sobrier and his Montagnards performing the rough work, while Caussidière winked at it and preoccupied the police so as to shield the lawless terrorists against the visitation of hostile authority. The Napoleonists, the Legitimists, the Monarchists, joined in the scramble, but only at the edge of the crowd.

It was the shoemaker Chenu, a hero of the Risquons-tout expedition against Belgium, that improvised the provisional government, composed of the leading elements, all conflicting as they were. And no sooner was it formed than it set to work to destroy itself by internal antagonism. The Red Republic was contested in the councils; Ledru-Rollin against the large-voiced Arago, Lamartine splendidly generalizing, and Louis Blanc compromising the dispute by substituting a red riband for a red flag. For in that stirring time more than one transitory institution rested on a basis of eloquent haberdashery. The "shindies" in the supreme council emulated that recorded by the ingenuous M. Chenu, at the Prefecture of Police; where Caussidière accused a fellow patriot of treachery, politely invited him to commit suicide, and, with an excess of considerate attention, tendered the loan of a "four-barrelled pistol" for the purpose. M. de la Hodde was rude enough to refuse the obliging invitation, and nearly enjoyed the honor of murder—perhaps did so.

The measures were as distracted as the men. The history of the national workshops is a sample. Established by M. Marie to provide work for the dangerously idle, they were seized successively by Louis Blanc as a basis for his Socialist experiment, by young Emile Thomas as an electioneering apparatus, by Caussidière as a dépôt for émeutes, and finally they supplied the army for the insurrection of June. The Garde Mobile, eliminated from the same class—"created" by M. de Lamartine, as he declares, "on a piece of grey paper"—ranged with the side of order: "they were proud," says M. Arago, "of their uniforms." The National Assembly, elected by the universal suffrage of that France which had become involuntarily republican, was obstructed by the "democrats," who tried to tamper with the universal suffrage; but, having struggled into existence, the Assembly creates the dictatorship of General Cavaignac, and cheers his rebukes to those showy patriots who "think too much of themselves."

But where is "the people" all this while? Where is "France"? Was it with Ledru-Rollin, the democrat, the dictator in posse that was, the accused?—with Lamartine, who sees political parties through the foggy atmosphere of a Parisian Ossian, and comes forth from his retirement to tell his interrogators that "facts are connected together in political order in the same manner as in moral order;" that "on the 25th of February a fact produced itself, and besides that fact an excess"—vide

licet, a wish to wipe away society as well as the throne; that "the red flag was imagined as the sign of this idea;" that he "created" the Garde Mobile "on grey paper" to redress the balance; and that practical General Cavaignac—this is the most tremendous and incriminating charge against the general—was not very eager to obey poetical M. de Lamartine in the matters of strategy? Was the people with Caussidière and Sobrier, now denounced as assassins; with Louis Blanc, the defeated; with Barbès, the inflamed; with Blanqui, the spy? Chenu the shoemaker, was he "France!"—"L'état! c'est moi" was it for him to borrow that vaunt?—Yet these were the men that created, and were, the government. Not only is it the reverse of true that any of these persons had the authority of "France" or represented "the people," but each represented an inconsiderable fractional minority.

"A people cannot govern"—it cannot even shape a government: it is too big, too clumsy and slow, to achieve an operation needing so much adroitness and promptitude. Chenu had the start of this majestic world altogether, and fairly beat it. Chenu can make a government, on the shortest notice, with punctuality and despatch; quicker than he can turn out a pair of shoes to order. The man whose boots he was to have sent home that 25th of February was fain to fight in old boots, and got his feet wetted; but M. Chenu gave France its provisional government on demand. Now France could not have done that for itself.

However, there is a sort of "appeal to the country." These hastily-cobbled governments, if they do not fit the notion of the people and receive a tolerably wide sanction, do not stand. M. Chenu's government, though a clever performance for a shoemaker, did not last so long as a pair of shoes. A slower but a stronger and broader influence exercised a creative power; by various changes, the more steady and potent government of General Cavaignac was shaped. It is much threatened and harassed by the fractions that call themselves "the people;" it does not itself profess to be "the people;" nay, the general has gone so far as to avow that he would resist even the *whole* people if he thought that august but not infallible body in error. But somehow this new government has managed to attain more stability than its predecessors, by favor of its own inherent strength, its show of honesty, the seeming reality of its purposes, and the wide sanction which those qualities earn for it. When General Cavaignac declared that he should stick to his conviction and his purpose even in spite of the people, the representatives of the people cheered, the funds rose, the citizens heaved the pleasant sigh of anxiety discharged. The present government appears to be the best attained since the revolution, not because it issues decrees, as M. Chenu's nominees did, "in the name of the people," but because it is created by the greatest and most intelligent power within the nation.

From the Examiner, 26th August.

ITALY.

In endeavoring, on the 15th July, to analyze and define the twofold struggle now stirring the depths of European society, and in calling the attention of our readers more particularly to that question which has more lately assumed such a prominent and vital importance, (the Italian question,) we ex-

pressed our opinion that the interests of Europe, and indeed the well-understood interests of Austria herself, required the abandonment by that power of purely Italian territory; and we moreover expressed our approval of the policy of her majesty's government in not accepting, in the then position of the contending parties, the offer of mediation on the basis laid down by the cabinet of Vienna.

We see nothing in the reverses of Charles Albert to make us change this opinion.

Had Lord Palmerston consented to propose a mediation on that basis, it would have been assuredly then refused by one of the contending parties, while the principle would have been abandoned on which we maintain that this and all similar questions should, and indeed can only *definitively*, be settled—viz., that in the new territorial distribution which must result from the present fermentation, such a settlement should be arrived at as shall guarantee a permanent and natural state of European peace.

We cannot but think, too, that there is something premature in the paean of reactionary triumph so loudly raised of late, and which we believe to be certainly at variance with the acknowledged political sympathies of this country.

All popular movements are marked by fitfulness, and a want of the perseverance required to carry out immediately the triumphs won in the first burst of their irrepressible enthusiasm. We are not surprised that the efforts of the Italians, utterly deficient as they are in that power of combination only to be acquired in the long enjoyment of civil and political freedom, should not at once have been crowned with success; that the undisciplined levies which constituted the great body of Charles Albert's forces should have been scattered before the skilful movements and superior numbers of Radetzki; or that the gallant, if perhaps somewhat interested, championship of the Sardinian monarch should be temporarily rewarded with popular in gratitude. Certainly we are not inclined to believe that Italian nationality has received its death-blow in the capitulation of Milan.

We hold that the laws of the creation are against Austrian dominion in Italy, and we adopt, if we give a somewhat different reading to the phrase attributed to the political cynicism of the superannuated statesman, to whose attempts to dam in with his effete system the tide of human progress we owe most of the fury of its present flood. "Italy is a geographical expression." Yes, as in endowing it with a brighter sky, a balmy air, and a richer soil, nature has evidently intended that it should supply certain varieties of the wants of man; so, in endowing the race which peoples it with certain qualities of mind and temperament, analogous to and perchance mainly produced by the physical causes by which they are surrounded, has she as evidently intended that that race should furnish its distinct contingent to the sum of human civilization; and, in decreeing that the fig-tree and the olive shall not flourish on the banks of the Inn and of the Danube, so seems she as clearly to indicate that the dwellers by the banks of the Danube shall not cultivate the fig and the olive on the banks of the Tiber or the Po. Nor can they when right shall have outbalanced might—the power of mind that of brute force. In Italy that balance wavers.

We can imagine the scornful smile with which the fiery old marshal, who doubtless thinks with

his octogenarian sword to mete out his own measure of national independence to the dwellers by the Po, and of political freedom to the dwellers by the Danube, would treat any such considerations as these. But in case of the rejection of the terms on which France and England are understood to have based their proposal, he may have to cope with arguments of a very different temper from those which General Cavaignac has had the magnanimity and courage to submit to the French Assembly. Camped round the western basis of the Alps, 50,000 fighting men daily strain their aching eyes on the telegraph, which, with a few convulsive waves of its portentous arms, may cast the sword of France into the balance. This would bring against the Austrian, auxiliaries of a far other metal than the raw Tuscan and Lombard levies whose defection and defeat did more to drive the Piedmontese centre from the heights of Somma Campagna, than the onset of D'Aspre's division; and rallied by such aid, the popular courage would receive an impetus but enhanced by the extremity of their present fear.

What has Radetzki to depend upon in a conflict renewed with such elements as these? Austria has well nigh exhausted her last resources in enabling him thus successfully to have assumed the offensive; and united Germany, inconsistent as have been the first acts of its selfish passion, although it may send unwieldy protests against the blockade of the Mediterranean port of a German province, will scarcely arm to promote a cause the triumph of which would be to maintain that province in the separate empire of which it is so jealous.

Difficult, then, as it may be to impress such a view upon the victors, we still believe that the only satisfactory, if not almost necessary, conclusion to the negotiations already begun will be the recognition of the *virtual* independence of all Italy.

VARIETIES OF MILK.—As far as we know, no nation uses the milk of any carnivorous animal. There is no reason for believing that the milk of this order of animals would be either disagreeable or unwholesome; but the ferocity and restlessness of the creatures will always present an obstacle to the experiment. The different milks of those animals with which we are acquainted agree in their chemical qualities, and is confirmed by the fact, that other animals beside man can be nourished in infancy by the milk of very distinct species. Rats and leverets have been suckled by cats, fawns by ewes, foals by goats, and man, in all stages of his existence, has been nourished by the milk of various animals, except the carnivorous. The milk of the mare is inferior in oily matter to that of the cow, but it is said to contain more sugar, and other salts. The milk of the ewe is as rich as that of the cow in oil, but contains less sugar than that of other animals. Cheese made of ewe milk is still made in England and Scotland, but it is gradually being disused. The milk of the ass approaches that of human milk in several of its qualities. To this resemblance it owes its use by invalids in pulmonary complaints, but it has no particular virtue to recommend its preference, and is only prescribed by nurses. Goat's milk perhaps stands next to that of the cow in its qualities; it is much used in Southern Europe. It affords excellent cheese and butter, its cream being rich, and more copious than

that from cows. Camel's milk is employed in China, Africa, and, in short, in all those countries where the animal flourishes. It is, however, poor in every respect, but still, being milk, it is invaluable where butter is not to be procured. The milk of the sow resembles that of the cow, and is used at Canton and other parts of China. The milk of the buffalo is also like that of the cow, though the two animals belong to different species. Every preparation of milk, and every separate ingredient of it, is wholesome; milk, cream, butter, cheese, fresh curds, whey, skimmed milk, butter-milk, &c. Butter-milk and whey will undergo a spontaneous vinous fermentation, if kept long enough, and alcohol can be distilled from it. The Tartars, it is well known, prepare large quantities of spirituous drink from mare's milk.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller.*

A Compendious Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary. By the Reverend JOSEPH BOSWORTH, D. D., F. R. S., &c.

AN indispensable work for Anglo-Saxon students, and very useful to any one who wishes to inquire into the origin of his mother-tongue. It is founded on the author's larger work; and appears full and precise in what concerns the meaning of words, and distinct as regards the roots and combinations.

The Demerara Martyr: Memoirs of the Reverend John Smith, Missionary to Demerara. By EDWARD ANGEL WALLBRIDGE. With a Preface by the Reverend W. G. BARRETT.

THE violent arrest and illegal condemnation of John Smith, the Demerara missionary, nearly a quarter of a century ago, with his subsequent death and the stir made in Parliament about it, have given him a celebrity he would not otherwise have attained. There appears to have been nothing remarkable in the events of his life; his character does not seem to differ from numbers of his co-religionists; and as a missionary he was not beyond his brethren, except in the persecution to which he was subjected. As a matter of justice too, it must be observed that some excuse is to be found for the exasperation of the colonists, in their critical situation; some justification of their conduct, in the fact that Smith, according to his own showing, saw and heard enough to have excited his suspicions of the intended outbreak of the negroes; to which, indeed, he seems wilfully to have shut his eyes.

With so little real interest in the life of Smith, a volume upon the subject of the Demerara persecution was scarcely required. Those who care about the subject are already acquainted with it, or know where an account may be found. The book is readable enough; getting over Guiana missions, Smith and his labors, the story of the persecution, and the parliamentary struggle at home, without tediousness. For the region of Demerara, where the author is a missionary, it may have more attraction. The object of the book is to rescue Smith from the charge of complicity in the rebellion, or from having caused it by his teaching; for this idea is yet entertained in the colony, not only by whites but blacks. Mr. Wallbridge says, that "many of those who were once enslaved have been taught to give expression to the same opinion, (of his guilt,) and say, 'Mr. Smith made plenty of the black people to be hanged.'"

From our European Correspondent.

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21. La Liberté.
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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

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J. Q. ADAMS